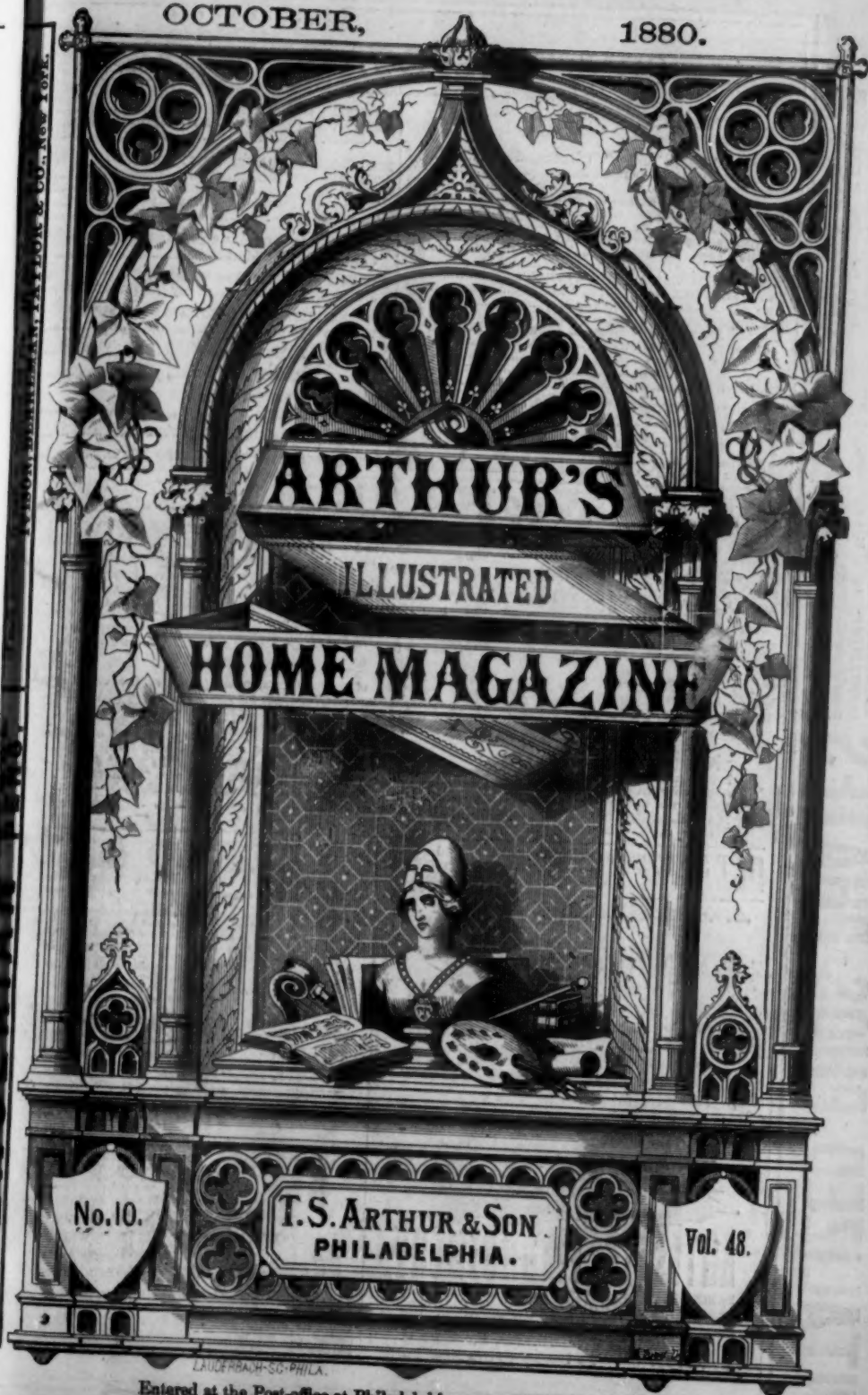


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OCTOBER,

1880.



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# MEMORIES.


YOW, dame, the morn doth promise fair,  
 'Tis kind and genial weather,  
 So prithee quit that easy chair,  
 And let us forth together,  
 The merry month of June is here,  
 Adorning briar and bramble;  
 Come, slip your bonnet on, my dear,  
 And join me in a ramble.

I well recall that happy day  
 When, through the green lanes straying,  
 I met a little maiden gay  
 And went with her a-maying.  
 She was but ten, and I no more,  
 Her cheeks were round and rosy,  
 And in her white-bibbed pinafore  
 She wore a pretty posy.



She tripped so daintily along,  
 And prattled on so cheerily,  
 I heeded not the skylark's song,  
 Although I loved that dearly.  
 There was a music in her voice,  
 So witching, so entrancing,  
 It made my inmost heart rejoice  
 And set my pulses dancing.

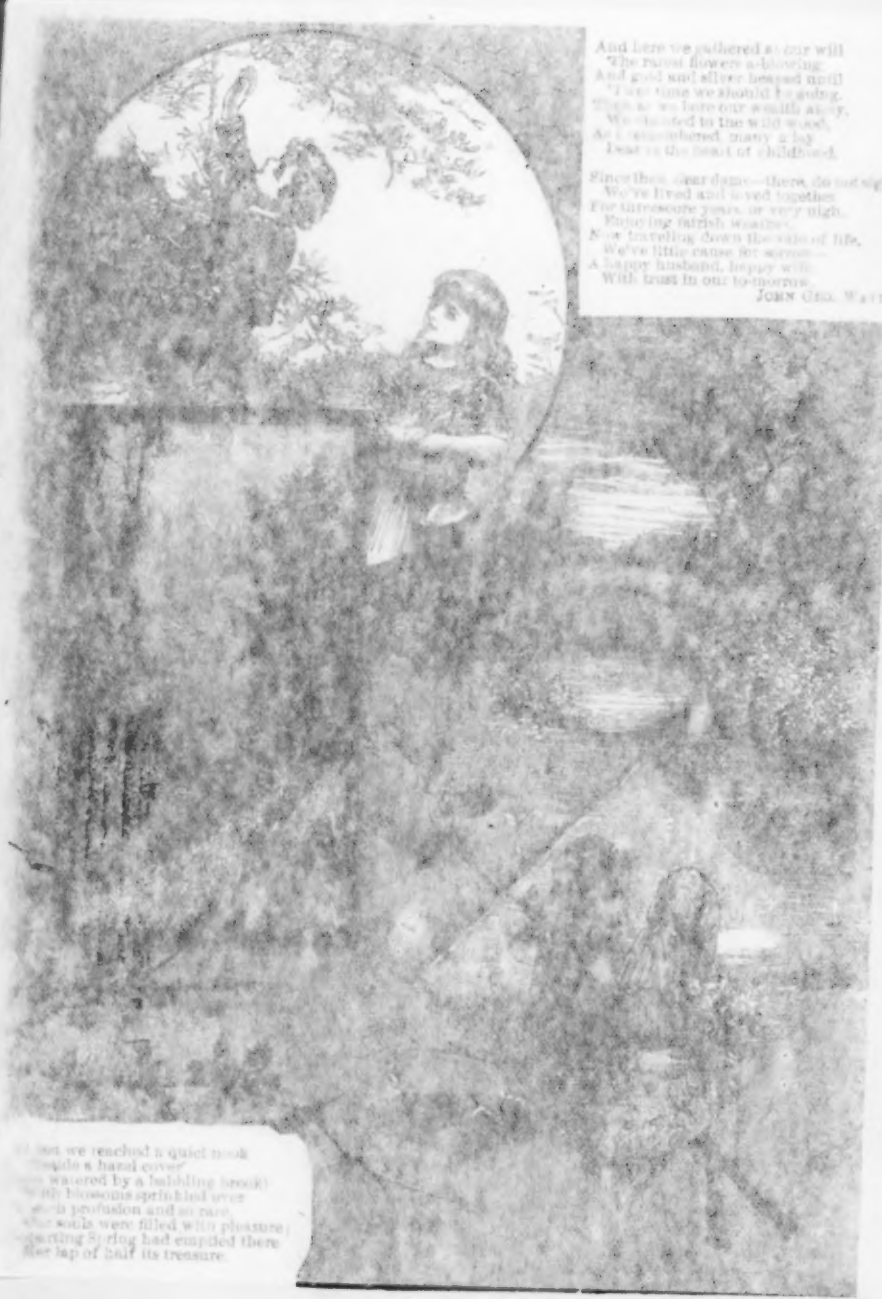
Obedient to her commands,  
 I dared the thorniest hedges,  
 And scratched and tore my face and hands  
 In climbing banks and ledges,  
 To win a spray of hawthorn bloom—  
 Nor deemed the task a labor—  
 Or cull some flower whose sweet perfume  
 Endear'd it to my neighbor.



And here we gathered at our will  
The rustle flowers a-blowing  
And gold and silver heaped up till  
'T was time we should be going.  
Then as we laid our souls away,  
We floated to the wild wood,  
As a remembered, merry day  
Lies in the heart of childhood.

Since then our days—there, do not sigh—  
We've lived and loved together  
For threescore years, or very nigh,  
Enjoying rather weather,  
Not travelling down the vale of life,  
We've little cause for sorrow—  
A happy husband, happy wife,  
With trust in our to-morrow.

JOHN OGDEN WATTS.



At last we reached a quiet nook  
Beside a hazel cover  
Shaded by a babbling brook  
With blossoms sprinkled over  
Which profusion and so rare  
Our souls were filled with pleasure  
Waiting Spring had emptied there  
The lap of half its treasure.

# MEMORIES.

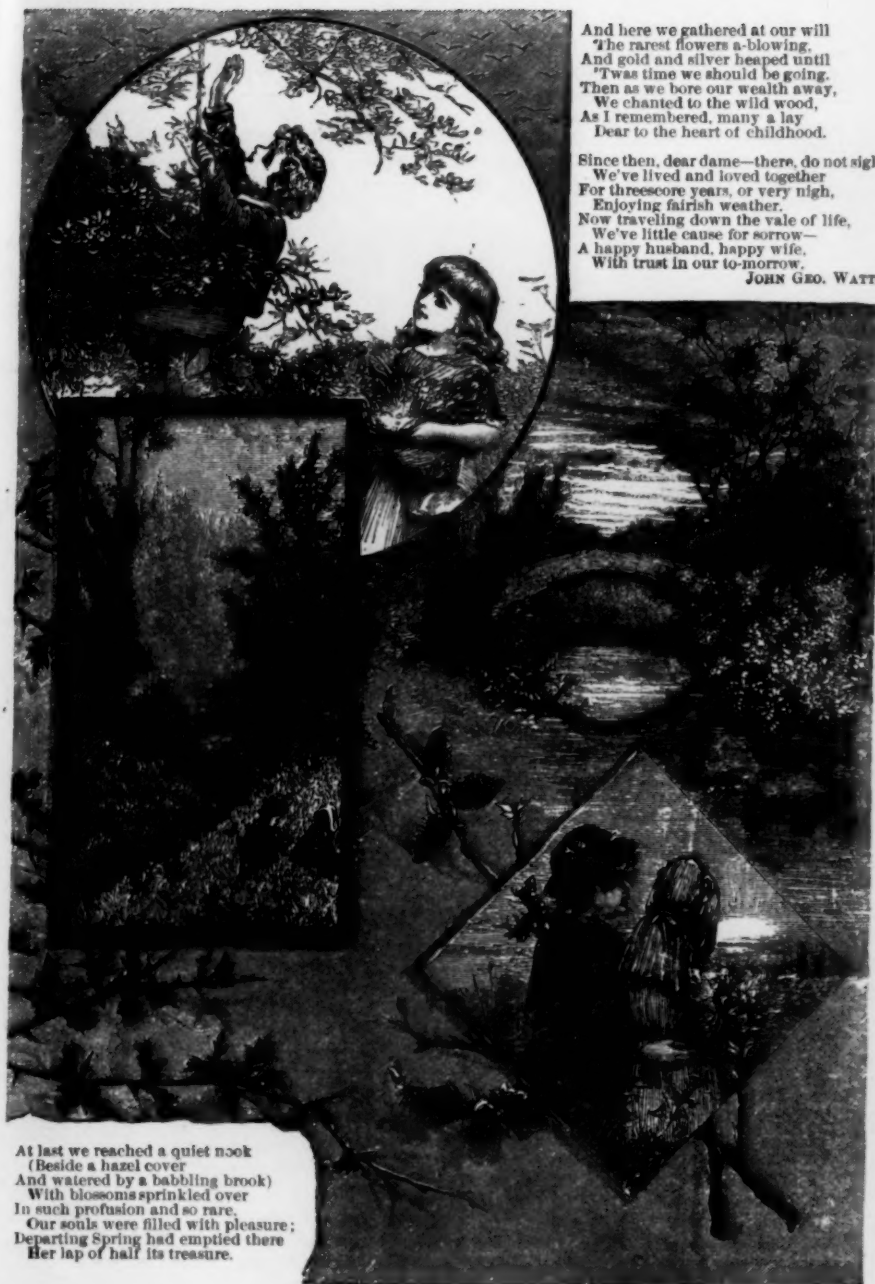
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 So please, put that easy chair,  
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 And went with her a-swaying.  
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 Her cheeks were round and rosy,  
 And in her white-lipped pinfold  
 She wore a pretty ploy.



She tripped so daintily along,  
 And prattled on so cheerily,  
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 Although I loved that dearly.  
 There was a music in her voice,  
 So winning and entrancing,  
 It made me forget heart-ache  
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 Then as we bore our wealth away,  
 We chanted to the wild wood,  
 As I remembered, many a lay  
 Dear to the heart of childhood.

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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 10.



THE GOOD QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

## "THE GOOD QUEEN LOUISA."

OUR portraits represent the mother of the present Emperor of Germany, and her younger sister, Princess Frederika. The pictures are copied from miniatures taken in the year 1794, when Louisa was eighteen and Frederika sixteen years of age. They were the daughters of Frederick V, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Both princesses were married in 1793, the elder to the Crown Prince Frederick William, afterward King of Prussia; the younger, to his brother, Prince Frederick Charles Louis.

Louisa, the fourth daughter of Duke Frederick, was born on the 10th of March, 1776, and was

baptized by the name of Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia. In this connection it may be interesting to quote Jean Paul Richter's beautiful allegory, written in her honor shortly after her death.

"Before she was born, her genius stood up and questioned Fate. 'I have many wreaths for the child,' he said; 'the flower-garland of beauty, the myrtle-wreath of marriage, the crown of a kingdom, the oak and laurel-wreath of German fatherland's love—and a crown of thorns; which of all may I give the child?' 'Give her all thy wreaths and crowns,' said Fate, 'but there still remains one which is worth all the others.' On the day when the death-wreath was placed on that

noble forehead the genius again appeared, but he questioned only by his tears. Then answered a voice: "Look up!" and the God of Christians appeared."

When Queen Louisa was born, her parents lived in a small, gay cottage ornée, most unlike a royal residence, in the city of Hanover. Six months after her birth, her father was made governor-general of Hanover. In consequence he removed his family to the palace of Leine-Strasse, immediately opposite the old Electoral Palace. During the summer months they usually lived in a wing of Herrenhausen Castle.

Frederika, the fifth daughter of Duke Frederick, was born in March, 1778. As we shall see, her life, though resembling her sister's in being marked by strange vicissitudes, was unlike it in being prolonged almost to old age. By a remarkable coincidence, after years of wandering, she came back in her later days to her childhood's home, as Queen of Hanover. Here she died and here repose her remains.

When the sisters were respectively six and four years of age, they were bereaved in losing a most excellent mother. Two years later their father married a sister of his late wife, but in another year, the amiable lady who partially supplied the place of the deceased wife and mother, was also called away by death. This second loss induced the prince to resign his appointment as governor, remove his family to Darmstadt, and place his daughters under the care of their maternal grandmother.

The wisdom of his choice was soon demonstrated. Princess George William, as she was called—having been the wife of Prince George William, of Hesse—was really a superior person, eminently fitted for the task she had undertaken. The two young princesses, Louisa and Frederika—the elder Charlotte and Theresa being married by this time, and a third princess having died in infancy—were educated under the care of Princess George simply and thoroughly, much as many young ladies in moderate circumstances were, for their father was by no means wealthy. They were conscientiously instructed in the tenets of the Christian religion, as adopted by the Lutheran Church, besides which, they were afforded opportunities of actually doing good, in visiting the cottages of the poor, in company with their governess. Louisa and Frederika remained with their grandmother until they were married.

Living thus quietly, under the charge of Princess George and their teachers, we hear little of these interesting young girls. The Princess Louisa is described as having a very lovely disposition, and a very pretty complexion of exceeding fairness, and light blue eyes. We hear of her especially at the age of fourteen, upon the occasion of the coronation of Emperor Leopold II.

The young princesses were placed in charge of Frau Rath Goethé, mother of the poet, during their stay at Frankfort, for the coronation ceremonies. We quote from "The Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia," by Elizabeth Harriot Hudson, the following amusing account of their visit.

"Frau Rath considered herself highly honored in being chosen as the hostess who should entertain the princesses. The genial old lady retained to a wonderful degree the faculty of being young with the young; and she found the high-born sisters so simple-minded, so unaffected in their manners, that she was delighted with them. She entered into their light-hearted enjoyment of scenes and circumstances new to them, and therefore invested with the charms of novelty. She understood the pleasure felt by those merry girls in being free from the restraints of their everyday life. Frau Rath cherished a lively recollection of those days as long as she lived, and often spoke of them. She used to tell a story about the pump, which still stands in the small yard, inclosed by high walls, at the back of the Goethe house. It is not a common pump, but an artistic one, which attracts attention. Rath Goethe was a wealthy man when he rebuilt and fitted up that house, and he seems to have allowed his wife the pleasure of freely exercising her taste without regard to expense. The pump is a fanciful construction, sheltered by a picturesque roof, projecting from the wall, directly opposite the back windows of the house. A sculptured head, with a spout in its mouth, protrudes from a niche in the wall, and, by moving a long handle to the right of the head, the water is brought up from the tank, through the tall, wooden pipe and the spout, into the shell-shaped cistern. Frau Rath had two sitting-rooms peculiarly her own, which communicated by a narrow door. In the front room she received her young guests, and the lady in attendance on them. While the elder ladies were engaged in conversation, the princesses wandered into the back room, and espied the pump. 'Oh!' exclaimed Louisa, 'I wonder if we could make the water rush out; I should like to try.' A consenting wink from Frau Rath's cheerful eye was immediately understood; the sisters escaped from the room, found their way to the yard, and pumped to their hearts' content. But when the *Oberhofmeisterin* (chief lady-in-waiting) caught sight of them, she was shocked to see young ladies of their rank and age thus occupied, splashing their dresses, and bringing the color into their cheeks. She could not agree with their hostess, who looked upon them still as children, in the sweetest and most durable sense of the word, and was glad to see them enjoying gratification as pure as the bright element with which they were playing. An argument ensued, and the old lady jestingly

threatened to turn the door-key rather than permit interference with this innocent pleasure which the dear princesses should have in her house. It is difficult to say which party conquered, but when Frau Rath told the story, she always claimed the victory."

We next hear of Princess Louisa and Princess Frederika, as being married in 1793, at the beginning of disastrous times. Goethe speaks of the royal sisters as "heavenly apparitions amid the turmoil of war." The echoes of the French revolution were shaking Europe, and the crown princess entered upon married life at the inauguration of a most trying season. For a few years, however, her life was happy. The young couple loved each other tenderly, and their only annoyance was that occasioned by the rigidity of the etiquette of the Prussian court. In their natural gayety of youthful spirits they vexed the ceremonious soul of the *Oberhofmeisterin*, Countess Von Voss, by continually forgetting the exact forms and ceremonies that they ought to have observed. No wonder the good lady discovered that she lived in revolutionary times.

Frederick and Louisa could not help teasing the conscientious duenna, or, rather, the prince did the teasing and Louisa could not help being amused. According to the strict rules of etiquette laid down in standard works on that subject, a prince ought not to enter his wife's morning-room unannounced. Against this rule Frederick William had repeatedly rebelled, and the *Oberhofmeisterin* felt obliged to remonstrate. A lengthy discussion ensued, and at last the prince yielded.

"Well, countess," said he, "I will give way to custom. I beg you to be so good as to precede me to inquire if I may have the honor of speaking with my royal consort."

Off went the triumphant countess on her mission, but the prince was more agile than age and dignity permitted her to be. He rushed up the private staircase, and entered his wife's boudoir by another door. When the *Oberhofmeisterin* appeared, she was greeted by a merry peal of laughter, which disconcerted her.

"See now, my good Von Voss," said the prince, "my wife and I can meet and speak with each other unannounced, whenever we choose, and this is as it should be. But you are an excellent director of court ceremonies, and we constitute you henceforth our Dame d' Etiquette."

This is but one instance. The crown prince

used to say that when his wife had laid aside her jewels, she was a pearl restored to its pristine purity. One day, taking hold of both her hands, and looking into her blue eyes, he said: "Thank God, you are my wife once more."

"Am I not always your wife then?" replied Louisa.

"Alas! no. You must too often be only the crown princess."

Four years after the marriage of Frederick and Louisa, the king, Frederick William II, died, and the crown prince ascended the throne as Frederick William III. "At first," we read, "this change did not greatly interrupt the quiet felicity of



PRINCESS FREDERIKA (SISTER OF QUEEN LOUISA).

Louisa's life. Whenever they could escape from the wearisome duties and still more wearisome etiquette of the court, the royal pair dwelt at Paretz, near Potsdam, where the king had built a small *chateau*. Here they lived like a village squire and his wife, known to all the children, who received many a gift from the hands of the 'lord king and lady queen.' The queen would herself buy cakes and toys for the little people at the harvest fair, and always said she liked her country title of 'Gracious Lady of Paretz,' far better than 'Your Majesty' of the city."

In company with the king, Queen Louisa would often make excursions to various parts of their dominions, becoming in this way familiar with the whole country, and personally known to her people everywhere. By her deeds of charity, her interest in education, her patronage of literature and art, and above all, by her simple, unaffected goodness, she won an enduring place in the hearts of her subjects. The one title that she longed to deserve above all others, was, "Mother of the People."

For a time Prussia was, if not in alliance with, certainly not in opposition to Napoleon. Austria was unable to stand against the invader, and the great emperor, in his scheme of conquest, was not disposed to spare his half ally. He bribed Saxony and Hesse to refrain from supporting the king, and soon Prussia saw that the ambitious conqueror intended to overthrow it. And now we become aware of the insulting manner in which Napoleon held the queen up to ridicule. He falsely declared in his war bulletins, that she and she alone was responsible for the war; that she hurried her husband into it through her recklessness and vanity. But the truth was, that at the time Prussia declared war, Queen Louisa was ill, and away from her home; and not until the matter was fully decided upon, was she aware of it at all. She stood by the king, however, at this time, just as she had always done.

After the battle of Jena, in which the Prussians were defeated, Napoleon entered Berlin as a triumphant conqueror, and the king and queen fled. In 1807 the peace of Tilsit was signed, and by it Napoleon restored to the Prussian king one-half his territories. Shortly before the treaty was concluded, Napoleon met the queen for the first time. Struck by her beauty, her winning manner and her earnestness of expression, he soon discovered that she was not at all the woman he had impertinently said she was. But, though she made a deep impression upon him, she pleaded vainly for the restoration of her favorite city, Magdebourg, on the Elbe.

The queen did not long survive the trouble she had endured. A susceptible constitution had been greatly weakened by what she had undergone, and in July, 1810, she passed peacefully away, having just completed her thirty-fourth year. She left four sons and three daughters. The oldest son was Frederick William IV, who was succeeded by his brother William, in 1861.

The remains of Queen Louisa rest at Charlottenburg, in a splendid mausoleum, the work of the celebrated sculptor, Rauch. The tomb of Queen Frederika at Herrenhausen, is very similar to her sister's, and is by the same artist.

Frederika long survived Louisa, her life being much more eventful, and, apparently, far less happy. Her first husband, Prince Louis, of

Prussia, died in 1796, only three years after their marriage. Frederika remained with her sister until her second marriage, to Prince of Salma-Braunfels. After being a widow for the second time, she became the wife of her cousin, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, in 1815. Ernest was the son of George III, of England. On the death of William IV, Ernest became King of Hanover, in 1837. And so, as we have said, Queen Frederika died in her childhood's home. Her death occurred in 1841.

### THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

I KNOW a home where there are several girls of various ages. One is very handsome, and much admired. Another is accomplished; play and sings well, and shines in company. A third is literary, and may almost be described as "a blue stocking." But there is one, neither so attractive nor so popular as her sisters, yet is the most beloved and the most valued. Bright, sensible, genial, she is the light of her home, and her mother's right hand. She is always neat and well-dressed, yet seems ever busy, and every ready to turn her hand and her mind to anything. Is there some sewing, or mending, or tidying wanted? She does it. Do untimely visitors call? "Oh, I'll go." Is there any household difficulty to overcome, or advice needed? "Oh, I'll manage." Has the baby some ailment? She knows best what to do, and the presence of this gentle nurse charms away pain and sorrow. The brothers say, "She is no end of a good sister." Do you wonder at my calling her "the flower of the flock?" She is my favorite, and happy will be the man, I say, who gets her as his helpmate for life.

THERE is no time for the soul. But we are constantly applying these appearances in nature to our spiritual life, and accepting them as facts independent of ourselves. We talk of going out of time into eternity, as though time and eternity were distinct existences. But they are not. We are in eternity now. We think of eternity as an endless number of years, but it is not. We cannot get any true idea of eternity by multiplying years. As man is immortal so far as regards his existence, he is no nearer his end at one time than another. We are no nearer the end of life to-day than we were at the beginning of the year. As spiritual beings we never grow old in the sense commonly given to the word "old." The first human being created is no nearer the end of his life than the infant just born. The only difference between these two beings consists in their spiritual development. The only measure of life is our capacity for receiving it.—CHANCEY GILES.

## WHAT JUNE BROUGHT US.

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER IV.

ONE of our relatives, nearly eighty years of age, had celebrated his golden wedding four or five years ago; his wife died, and he had married again, and this wife, whose home was handsomely furnished in the village, had no need of his goods, and they were stored in the barn. He had been an only son, and his mother had been an only beloved child, and his own marriage had been childless; so any one can see that the treasures in the barn were a treat for an antiquarian. It was worth going across the world to see. He said: "Now, Pipsey, anything you find here that you want, just take it right along; or, if you want everything, take 'em along; they're no use to me," and his dear old lips quivered with a sorrow pent up, and his eyes dimmed with tears.

How greedy we felt when we got among old books, and letters, and keepsakes, and curious things! We laid out ledgers, books that ran back more than a hundred years, and said: "We'll take these home;" bundles of letters, and a stack of account-books that had been kept by his uncle, the secretary of New Salem Academy, oh, so long ago! We read all the names of the boys and girls for twenty-five consecutive years—what they studied, what they paid, where they boarded, when they commenced and when they quit. The penmanship was beautiful, and we lifted up the great pile and said: "We'll take these home with us, too." Such huge leather pocket-books! And when we said: "O Sammy, who did have this, I wonder!" the reply was, "Gran'ther;" or, "Great-gran'ther;" or, "Uncle;" or, "Mother's uncle."

We found all the old, old Bibles, too, and hymn-books, with dead roses pressed in them, and a Psalm book with locks of hair—gray hair and flossy golden—in it. But the story is too long; the pile laid out was too big, and we culled it over, and then it was too large, and so we filled a sack and sent it home by express, and we made Sammy promise to save the rest till we came again. That was so like Aladdin's story, for we had always loved to mouse around among old things.

He brought out a bandbox, too, and told us to help ourselves. We took old Aunt Nabby's bonnet, fine and pretty, with good old trimmings, for a keepsake, and from one of the cousins we borrowed the deacon's grandmother's black silk bonnet to show him. It is very old, and has a fall of wide lace sewed all around the flaring front, which swung like a curtain above her brow, and a high puffed crown with a fierce bow of black silk tilted up like a vane on a barn.

Looking our treasures over after we came home,

we find, besides the two bonnets, a row of wall-pockets, made of queer, coarse, harsh goods and linen, stamped like the viny calico of to-day—this relic was old and yellow in the girlhood of Sammy's mother, and must be very old now; the pile of academy accounts; some leather-backed account-books; some letters, and deeds, and wills—pocket-books; and some books, well-bound and well-kept. Among them four volumes, called "A Philosophical View of the United States of America," published in 1796; two volumes of Sketch-Book, by Geoffrey Crayon, 1826; some books published in England, one of them called "A Philosophical Account of Works of Nature," printed in 1739. In the "view" book is a picture of Washington, sitting up stark and thin, with his hair put up in something like a horn, and a rosette on it in the way of ornament. He holds in his hands a paper of the plat of Washington City, and his chapeau beside him is trimmed with a flaring rosette, corresponding with that on his hair. In the language of Josiah Allen's wife, when she made Josiah put on a shawl at the picnic, he "looked really dressy like." Then there is a bronzy-looking picture of Ben Franklin, with the wickedest of forked lightning almost against his great meaty nose. Among old letters we came upon one telling the news of our father: "Adonijah is married and lives on the farm; he has a nice baby, too, a little girl, named Pipsissaway."

With a laugh we shook Sammy, who was bending over a barrel of musty papers, and we read aloud the late news. He said mournfully: "Little did I think then that I'd ever see 'Nijar's nice little baby."

Franklin County, Massachusetts, is memorable as being the birthplace of Moody, the evangelist; of Mary Lyon, the founder of Holyoke Seminary; of Fidelia Fiek, the missionary; of Annie T. Wilbur, the beloved companion and daughter of Rev. Wilbur, of Wendall, a very fine classical scholar, with whose translations we are all familiar; "Frances Lee," whose pretty stories have charmed and delighted the children in all our homes, and others whose names we cannot recall.

Jim Fisk, we presume, was connected with some of these families. We liked their energy. Not a Fisk did we meet who did not impress us favorably. At one of their homes, the mother, an old Boston lady, set out caraway cookies, and sage cheese, and cider, sealed fresh from the press, for us, though we only called in for a moment. At another Fisk home, up on the hill, the father strode off to the field with a shovel-plow on his shoulder, and he a man over seventy years of age. We liked their vim. Jim commenced life a peddler in Brattleboro, twenty miles away. His body was taken there for burial. His grave is often found covered with flowers of the rarest and choicest kinds, and no one knows whose hands

placed them there. On Decoration Day are the flowers most abundant and exquisite.

Worcester County was the birthplace of poor Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine bearing his name; and of Whitney, who invented the cotton-gin, and others of note whose names do not come to us now.

Miller's River is one of the principal streams of Western Massachusetts, and runs through these counties. It is very swift, and the bed is dark and rocky, and the water is the color of coffee without cream, when looked upon in the river, but is clear when dipped up in the hand. With its banks of evergreen, one can imagine how wild it appears. In spite of ourselves, we kept thinking of this perverse poem, which would thrust its gloom and its rhythm upon us:

"Woodsey, and wild, and lonesome,  
The swift stream winds away,  
Through birches and leafy maples,  
Flashing in foam and spray—  
Down on the sharp-horned ledges,  
Plunging in steep cascade,  
Tossing its white-maned waters  
Against the hemlock's shade.

"Woodsey, and wild, and lonesome,  
East and west, and north and south."

Western Massachusetts is a delightful place to go for rest. Its mountains are grand and beautiful. Beauty is their most conspicuous attribute. These ranges—a continuation southward of the Green Mountains, though under different names—have the same characteristics: a rounded contour, a frequent occurrence of limestone formation, and a rich soil clothed with stalwart forests to their very summits. Their grace of outline and wealth of "living green," make them at once grand in their massive bulk, and in equal degree beautiful. We doubt if any equal area of country has more fine landscapes than can be pointed out in these portions of Vermont and Massachusetts. The limestone formation, it should be said, is found west of the Hoosac Mountain, while the granite predominates eastward. Years ago, we went by the State road from Greenfield to North Adams, over the mountain that has since been bored through. Looking backward, the dark green foliage had Alpine suggestions. When the summit was reached, there burst with startling effect upon the view the abundant bright green foliage with which the limestone valley was clothed. It seemed surcharged with life and beauty.

"Two voices there are; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice!"

The excellence of Jehovah's character is symbolized by mountains.

We enjoyed the scenery very much. The "Greenfield Meadows" with the winding river, the fine old drooping elms, the beautiful farms,

and the glimpses of varied landscape, delighted our little party beyond expression. Ida made us all feel richer yet, when she repeated from Whittier the soft, sweet summer song:

"The sunlight, sleeping on the hill,  
In drowsy splendor dreams away  
The long June hours, as if it felt  
The rapture of a perfect day.

"The mountains stretch broad waving lines  
Of perfect light along the sky,  
While at their feet rich shadows veiled,  
Serene and fair the meadows lie."

But the Hoosac Mountains rejoiced us most the evening we started home. They were so cheery and beautiful. They had none of that sterile, black, gloomy look as had the Cumberland; nothing that suggested poverty, or misery, or want, or loneliness, or hovels, or the pitiable life of the "poo' whites" in Virginia or Maryland.

Going through the great Hoosac Tunnel in the evening was the event of that day. We had looked forward to it. We had read of it for years, and watched for its consummation. And for the sake of the little boys who hear their mothers read this aloud, we wish we had space to tell all about the grand Hoosac Tunnel. Twenty years were consumed in the tedious boring of this great hole through the mountains. The girls had their watches waiting in their hands, twenty minutes before we came to the tunnel, ready to note the time occupied in passing through. It required ten minutes for the train to run through.

Among the memories of Western Massachusetts, we recall Shelburne Falls as one of the handsomest villages we ever saw, hidden among the green-crested mountains, with the Deerfield River winding just below it. The streets wide and clean and bordered with maples, its people bustling about with holiday air, its spires gleaming in the setting sun, it left a picture very fair to think upon. We said, when "our ships come in" we would go to Shelburne Falls and spend a June and July, climbing the mountains, prospecting in the dells, paddling in the river, and taking a hand in the very excellent lyceum which the good women of this place enjoy in its fullest.

When we passed through Troy, we thought of good Mrs. Willard and the famed seminary; and at Schenectady, the seat of Union College, we thought of our dear ones whose blooming years had been spent there.

The Mohawk Valley, picturesque, and beautiful, and rich in substantial old homes, and farms, and fine scenery, is one of the charms of the New York Central. We were always interested in the Hollanders, the people who could, if need be, sit still—the old Vans, who cherished the habits and customs of their ancestral Holland, and through whose portly pocket-books thousands of dollars

passed in an easy and comfortable flow—bless them!

According to programme, we spent a day at Niagara Falls on our journey home. We dreaded the noisy hackmen and the officious swarm, and had planned going to the proprietor of one of the best hotels and engaging a carriage and driver for a few hours; but what was our surprise and joy, when we alighted from the cars at the cool, clean depot, to find everything as quiet as we would at our depot at home. Twenty years had made great and favorable changes at Niagara Falls. Not a hackman spoke aloud. One did whisper: "Will the ladies have a carriage?" To which we said: "Thank you, our friends are waiting for us." And the poor souls were waiting—at home, however.

When we put our baggage—a small satchel each—into the hands of the newsdealer for safe-keeping, we said: "Couldn't we ladies go leisurely and in safety alone to-day without a guide?" And the smiling and gratifying reply was: "Certainly, madam; go down this shady street, perhaps forty rods, and you will be at the Falls."

The first grand view at Prospect Park that came upon the girls more than paid us for all the trouble they had ever cost us. It was such an overwhelming pleasure to them. The poor little things never looked so handsome before, because we had never seen them with the grandeur of these mighty waters lifting them up heavenward, and lighting up their faces as though the glory of the life immortal beamed upon them.

The day was spent going where we pleased at leisure, at a very trifling cost, and quite as much alone as we would have been picnicing among our own home hills. Restaurants abound, kept by polite French people who are glad to wait upon you. Afternoon we bought a very large umbrella that would cover us all, and went over to Goat Island and stayed until we were tired. We sat on the old rocks at Horseshoe Falls, where once stood Terrapin Tower, and it was our island that afternoon, for

"Are not all things created for his sake  
Who reads their meaning right?"

A great deal of very substantial enjoyment was packed into that glorious day in June. Goat Island, though visited daily, is mossy, and ferny, and thickety, and full of bird-songs, as any wilderness in the West. We paused in view of the Three Sisters, and shuddered as we thought of the pretty little Frenchwoman who, a few days before, was swept down from its grassy edge by the mad whirl of tossing waves, and borne to the death—to a grave nameless and unmarked, "a sepulchre that no man knoweth."

Niagara Falls is a good place to visit. We brought away from it no regrets, no hard feelings; we could find no fault with the money-loving people who dwell there—caterers to the public—many

of them blind to the beauty and the grandeur around them, "eyes having they, but they see not." They are very polite, and ready and willing to wait upon visitors.

A night ride, pleasant to be remembered, brought us to Cleveland, the lovely city on the shore of Lake Erie. We spent a day there—a delightful day—visiting all the beautiful places of interest. We bought pictures, and happened upon a stall of old, old books, and added to the collection gleaned in Sammy's barn. The girls bought lawn, and cambric, and opera flannel, and fine wools, right bravely and to their satisfaction.

From Cleveland we went to our homes, rosy, and sunburnt, and hearty, with sweet remembrances to abide with us for all time; pictures they were to hang upon the walls of our memories—sunny, and bright, and joyous to dwell upon. And sometimes when we three take tea from the big server laid upon our laps in the "Den," or the bed-room, the men—comprising a "gander party" eating in the dining-room—hear our jolly laughter, and, man-fashion, wonder, and look wise, and injured, and know they are missing something good to hear. We found everybody good and kind with whom we came in contact—not one snarling official, not one sign of impertinence or disrespect, or lack of kindly words and deeds. The weather was delightful. Among the rocks and mountains, the wintergreen, arbutus, mosses and the laurel in glorious flower, while in the ponds the fragrant lilies added a charm to the poetry of the blooming summer-time.

How nearly approaching to the wishes and aspirations of our girlhood was the dower laid away so sweetly in the lids of the book of the June agone!

In a scrawling hand, we find in a little diary kept when we were verging upon our teens, the cry of our soul, copied from something that fell into our hands. It is as good for the poor woman of to-day in her quiet life as it was for the little girl.

"I want to see the marble for which art has done almost what Venus was said to do for Pygmalion's work. I want to listen to the music rolling through grand cathedral aisles, resonant with immortality. I want to look upon the canvas that grew almost into life under the hand of the old masters. My soul hungers for the glories hidden away in the Cascade Mountains, thundering in Niagara, gleaming on the brow of Jungfrau, slumbering in the vale of Chamouni, and shimmering in the Staubach. If I trust cheerfully, submissively, I know God will satisfy this hunger. If I am too weak to be led up these mounts of earthly beatitude, if He sees it best for me to spend my years upon dead levels, always in sound of hammers and wheels, He Himself will feed this love of beauty till its wings grow and tremble

forth in shadowless glory of the better land. He notes the moaning hunger of the soul. Though the eye dances and the lip is merry, His ear catches the silent cry that goes up evermore from the empty heart, and if we but trust Him He will feed us.

Nor eye hath seen nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father hath prepared  
For them that love the Son."

PIPSEY POTTS.

### PROTECTION AND DISPERSION OF SEEDS.

THERE is no end to the devices which nature adopts to insure that seeds should be carried to fitting spots for their germination. Some, like thistle-down and cotton, are provided with fluffy tails, which carry them through the air on the wings of the wind; others, like the maple, have regular wings of their own, on which they fly in the same manner as a kite. The balsam bursts open its capsule with a sort of explosion, and scatters its seeds around it in every direction; the grasses simply drop their little round grains upon the bare soil beneath. But there are two kinds of seed-vessels specially liable to be eaten by birds and other animals, and these two kinds differ diametrically in the way they comport themselves toward their devourers. They are commonly called nuts and fruits.

The nut is a hard-coated seed, whose kernel or germ—with its accompanying stock of nutriment—the squirrel or monkey eats whenever he can get it. This, of course, kills the young plant, and so defeats the whole purpose of the seed. Accordingly, nuts are purposely made in such a manner as to escape the notice and baffle the hungry attempts of their enemies. They are generally green as they grow among their native foliage, and brown as they lie on the bare ground beneath. Thus they never attract attention by their color or brilliancy. Then, again, they are covered by a hard shell, often so hard that even man finds it no easy task to break through the outer coat and get at the nutritious kernel within, as we all know in the case of cocoa-nuts, Brazil-nuts and the American hickory. And, furthermore, they very frequently have a nauseous, bitter husk, like that of the walnut, or are covered with little prickly hairs, as in the filbert; all of which devices combine to prevent animals from discovering, cracking and eating them. As though all this were not enough, they not uncommonly contain bitter juices, and sometimes finish by poisoning the aggressors. Clearly, nuts are a kind of seeds which do not lay themselves out for being quietly eaten up. They defend themselves to the very last by every possible device in their power.

A fruit, on the other hand, adopts exactly oppo-

site tactics. To use the language of ordinary life, it *wants* to be eaten; or, in other words, it is so devised by nature as to offer every inducement to various animals to eat it. The means which it employs for the allurement of birds are exactly like those which flowers employ for the allurement of insects. It has sweet juices, perfumed essences, red, blue or purple coloring. From a distance, the scarlet hips and haws or the orange rowan-berries, strike the eye of the bird; the bright hues seem to act as an advertisement of the food. The pulpy covering is evidently intended for the bird's use, and the sweet taste for its pleasure. Clearly, the fruit is a kind of seed-vessel which means to be eaten if it can only get any one good enough to perform the duty.

But what good can the plant derive from having its fruits devoured? If the nut is so anxious to escape detection and to avoid animals, why should the fruit take so much trouble to excite attention and to commit a voluntary suicide? Simply because the bird is of as much use to the plant as the plant is to the bird. It is, in short, a case of mutual accommodation. Just as the bee, in sucking honey, carries the fertilizing pollen from flower to flower, so the bird, in devouring fruit, disperses the seeds which pass undigested through its body. Though the pulp is always soft and sweet enough, the actual seed is at heart a nut. In the plum-stone and peach-stone we see this truth clearly enough, for there the resemblance has gone to such a length that even the most careless observer could not overlook it. In the cherry and the orange it is less immediately obvious, but still quite recognizable when we look at the question closely. In the strawberry and raspberry, however, the separate seeds are so much smaller that we scarcely notice their presence, and therefore we quite forget their essential identity with the nut. It is thus evident that a fruit is really a seed-vessel which has turned its outer coat into a soft pulp, while its inner part still contains one or more hard nut-like seeds.

We are building up our characters and our lives, not only by our actions, but by the directions in which we are looking, by the models we set before us, by the ideals we cherish, by the company we keep, by the books we read, by all the conditions in which we put ourselves. By looking up to what is higher and better, we shall rise to higher and better states of being, and our characters and conduct will always bear an intimate relation to those things upon which our mental vision dwells with pleasure and satisfaction.

RICHES.—A very rich man recently said: "I worked like a slave till I was forty to make my fortune, and I've been watching it like a detective ever since for lodging, food and clothes."

## DUFF.

## A PORTRAIT IN MINIATURE.

HE began life as a street singer. His mother had been one before him; she died when he was just beyond babyhood, and he naturally succeeded to her profession.

Where or how he learnt his songs, I don't know. Strangers used to stop in astonished silence to listen to the strange medley and ringing bird-like notes of the little insignificant vagrant. It answered pretty well upon the whole. Wisdom

And, by way of recreation, it was a famous neighborhood for fires, and Duff never failed to put in an appearance in time to escort the engines to the scene of action, and to see it out to the last spark. No theatre could offer a spectacle to equal it, and when, as sometimes befell, there were two fires in one night, Duff felt that his cup of bliss was, indeed, full to overflowing.

It was Easter Sunday, a bleak, blustering March morning, with sudden, driving showers of blinding rain, and Duff had taken refuge from one of them behind a pillar on the cathedral steps. He did not count upon retaining his position for any



"DUFF OBSERVED THAT HE HAD NOT QUITE CLOSED IT."

comes early to the poor, and he had learnt to adapt his *répertoire* to his audience; scraps of comic operas for the thoroughfares, gay snatches of drinking songs for the neighborhood of the public-houses, doleful ballads and hymns, sung with intense feeling, for the old ladies in the little by-streets round the cathedral. There were kindly waiters at various restaurants who gave him plates of remnants, and an occasional warm garment from the ragged-school people, though he did not often honor that institution with an order, finding his scanty ragged ones a much more profitable uniform for his profession; indeed, a comfortable frieze jacket had once nearly brought him to ruin in a week.

length of time; there was a certain policeman who had routed him too often for him to cherish any delusive visions of that kind, and Duff was feeling considerably astonished that he had not loomed upon the horizon before. Presently somebody came up the steps and passed in at a panel in the huge door, and Duff, looking after him, observed that he had not quite closed it. A sudden brilliantly daring idea flashed across his mind. He looked round; his enemy was still invisible; he took a half-penny from his pocket—

"Heads I go, tails I don't—heads!" and Duff slipped from his hiding-place, pushed back the panel about six inches, and squeezed himself in.

The place seemed quite deserted, but somewhere

in the distance he could hear the murmur of voices. He skirted cautiously behind the statues, till, from behind a crusader's shield on a big, square tomb, he discovered a full view of the chancel, flooded with the rich, soft light from the great, eastern window; and as he stood with bated breath, the organ woke into life and music, and one of Beethoven's stately harmonies swept over the little vagrant singer.

It was but an ordinary service to the rest of the congregation—one of many—but till Duff passes through the gate of death into a higher temple, that first hour in the cathedral shall be the embodiment of every thought or vision he shall ever hold about the other.

It was all over, and with a sound that was almost a sob, he turned to descend from his perch, and met the astonished gaze of a stout, important-looking personage, whom Duff felt, to his inmost soul, must be an archbishop at the very least.

"What mischief have you been doing up there?" demanded the great man, severely, and blocking up the passage with his body down which Duff had contemplated instant flight.

"I wasn't doing anything," answered the culprit, thus brought to bay.

The great man looked from the small, ragged figure to the ponderous stone warrior with his shield. The crusader certainly seemed proof against the assaults of a foe like this, and he altered the form of his question—

"What did you get up for, then?"

"I never came in before, and I knew I'd get turned out if they saw me. It was for the singing," he added, rather incoherently.

"What does a mite like you know about singing?"

Duff looked up in profound astonishment at an archbishop's ignorance.

"Know! Why, I've been singing ever since I was a child."

"Indeed," said the great man, more respectfully; "and your family also?"

Duff changed uneasily on to the other foot.

"There isn't any family but me."

"Very well, you may go now; but if you like to come again to a service, say the dean gave you leave, and I'll see you again before long."

Duff slipped away in a state of amazement too deep for thanks, though he recovered sufficiently to give a patronizing nod to his enemy, the policeman, who could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw him emerge from the cathedral itself.

That Sunday was an era in Duff's history. Before the week was over, the dean, who was a great man in more than one sense, had seen him again, and taken him out of the streets into a training-school, where he was to be transformed with all due speed into a creditable member of society. Duff did his best to fall in with the new

views about his education, but the first six months were the longest he had ever had in his life. It was terribly uphill work, and many and many a time, if it had not been for the cathedral, and a superstitious awe of his friend, the dean, he would have gone back to the freedom of his old life. His singing had been peremptorily suppressed as likely to lead him into evil company, and he seemed to have no other capability in any one direction. He struggled bravely into long division, but there he broke down completely; grammar and writing were utterly incomprehensible mysteries, progress was at the lowest possible ebb, and at last Duff and his teachers almost gave up the effort in despair as a melancholy failure.

At the end of the six months the dean took Duff and his career into serious consideration, and arranged to have him trained for the choir, and so try to utilize the only gift that appeared to have been allotted to him.

It was the first gleam of hope which had come to the little ex-singer since his introduction into respectability. He had loved his profession with all his heart, and the thought of being free to sing out once more, glorified even the dismal round of lessons, since even they were stepping stones to this exalted end.

Till the dean is an old man he will remember the hushed, rapt face in the lowest choir seat the first time Duff took his place among them, and the full, clear, boyish voice that rang out along the old, gray arches that morning. To his friends afterward he predicted a great future for the little lad.

"With a voice like that, he is independent of mere common-place book-knowledge," said the good man, with a lofty scorn of the acquirements he had been so anxious to teach him. "It will be a fortune to him. I knew the lad had something in him the first moment I saw his grimy face. He'll make himself a name one of these days."

It was nearly a week later (Saturday afternoon), and Duff was lingering on the threshold of the school-room to see the conclusion of a dispute between two dogs. There were some woeful arrears in the way of sums waiting for him inside, and he was just turning in when an old familiar sound broke like a battle-cry upon his ear. He was down the steps in an instant. There she was! the famous old engine that he had followed to many a glorious battle and victory. There was a moment of hesitation between his new-found respectability, represented at present by the sums; and the old natural instinct, then he had recourse to his usual formula; out came the halfpenny, "Heads, I go; tails, I don't—heads!" and go he did, like the wind.

It was a noble fire, a tall block of old lodging houses, and Duff's eyes danced with excitement. Frosty wind or pelting sleet, what was it in com-

parison with a scene like this? Beds, furniture, clothing, strewing the street in grand confusion, and the firemen's faces lit up with the lurid light. At the height of the excitement, a woman's shrill cry of horror burst through all the din—her baby was missing! She had three little ones about her, but this was in a cradle in one of the top rooms.

The firemen looked at the flames leaping from the windows beneath, and shook their heads sadly. "Too late, no ladder would stand it." The mother cried out sharply that it was nothing of the kind, they were afraid to go; and into the midst of her bitter reproaches, broke Duff's eager voice: "Let me go; I ain't no weight, and I can climb like a cat."

It was no time for parley, almost before he had finished speaking he was up the ladder, across the stone coping, and into the room; and then a breathless silence settled over the crowd below.

It was but a minute or two, though it seemed like an age before they saw him at the window again, with something in his arms, and a great cheer rose up from every throat. He crept a few steps down, and dropped his bundle into the blankets stretched out to receive it, and then as he turned to grope his way through the blinding smoke, the ladder failed, and there was a sudden cry, and a dull, crashing thud on the stones below.

The mother took back her baby safe and unhurt into her arms, but the little hero will bear the scars of that night as long as he lives. Winter and spring had come and gone before his voice rang out again in the cathedral choir, sweeter and stronger far for the suffering and the silence.

Whether the great future ever comes to pass is a story that must be left for the years to unfold. But a brave, unselfish man he will be, and the dean, looking down into the bright, earnest face that summer and winter is always lifted from the lowest stall, feels that, whether the other come or no, the helping hand once stretched out to "one of Christ's little ones," has verily in no wise lost its reward.

WHEN we so adapt our expenses to our means as to have no overburdening cares, when we prize consistency above luxury and comfort above display, when we welcome our friends to our homes as they are, not as they may be strained to appear, we are at once invested with a freedom and self-respect that make all our arrangements pleasing and our hospitality graceful.

A COMMON sin of housekeepers is worry—worrying for fear the work will not be done, or something may happen for which one is not prepared. Those who will worry will always find enough to worry about. It is well to think of the work to be done, but the wise housekeeper will have a plan for each day, and follow it as nearly as possible.

## THE STRIKES OF '77.

"NO, fellows, I tell you it ain't no use. You'd better switch off from that track; You may wear your talking machin'ry out, but never'll win me back.

Your 'workingmen's rights' and 'monopolies' wrongs' have a hifalutin' sound, But I'm done with your strikes forever, until the brakes of my life are down.

"You remember the strikes of '77? I was a red-hot striker then;

We were banded together three hundred strong, and a desprit lot o' men,

And we swore that the man, whoever he was, who started a train must die;

And among them all there was no one who swore with a louder oath than I.

"God pity me! not one thought of Ben had ever entered my head;

For he was a quiet chap and—what's that? Beg pardon; I thought I'd said

That Ben was a younger brother of mine, and though but an engineer,

He'd a taste for reading and that was how he'd notions we thought were queer.

"Well, as I was a-sayin', we ran affairs in the way that pleased us best;

I tell you we were a fighting mob it was sartin death to molest.

Then God! how I sickened when close at hand Ben's voice rang clear and loud:

'Stand back, you cowards! My train goes out if I have to fight the crowd.'

"One hulking bully stepped up with an oath, next moment he kissed the grass.

Ben drew his shooter—three hundred men stood by to let him pass,

And quick as a flash he boarded the train. The throttle flew back with a jerk,

The train gave a start, just as if 'twere alive, and knew 'twas no time to shirk.

"There was something about it all that cowed the bravest man in the mob,

And just as I hoped he'd come through all right, my heart gave a mighty throb,

For c-r-rash went a stone through the cabin glass and there followed a hundred more.

Oh! fellows, I wept like a child as I saw Ben stagger and fall to the floor.

"That's all. And although I couldn't do aught, I've felt ever since that time

That I was one of the crowd, and so sorter helped to commit the crime;

And remember, if ever a one of you ever asks me again to strike,

I'll do it, but *straight from the shoulder*, mind, in a way he wouldn't like." E. J. WHEELER.

### REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES OF THACKERAY.

**C**HAMBERS'S *Edinburg Journal* has some reminiscences of Thackeray from which we glean the following:

It is interesting to remark the sentiments he entertained toward his great rival, Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way, he would remark: "Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But "Pickwick" is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good, English ale." When "Dombey and Son" appeared in the familiar paper cover, number five contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved on reading it over, and putting number five in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in *Punch* office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: "There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!" When *Vanity Fair* was at its best and being published in monthly parts, with a circulation of six thousand a month, Thackeray would remark: "Ah, they talk to me of popularity, with a sale of little more than one-half of ten thousand. Why, look at that lucky fellow, Dickens, with heaven knows how many readers, and certainly not less than thirty thousand buyers."

In a conversation with his secretary previous to his American trip, he intimated his intention of starting a magazine or journal on his return, to be issued in his own name. This scheme eventually took shape, and the result was the now well-known *Cornhill Magazine*. This magazine proved a great success, the sale of the first number being one hundred and ten thousand copies. Under the excitement of this great success, Thackeray left London for Paris. To Mr. Fields, the American publisher, who met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, he remarked: "London is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence. Good gracious!" said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst come to the worst, New York also may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress." His spirits continued high during this visit to Paris, his

friend adding that some restraint was necessary to keep him from entering the jewelers' shops, and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles;" "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith\* allows me for editing *Cornhill*, unless I begin instantly somewhere?" He complained, too, that he could not sleep at nights "for counting up his subscribers." On reading a contribution by his young daughter to the *Cornhill*, he felt much moved, remarking to a friend: "When I read it, I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

Dickens in the tender memorial which he penned for the *Cornhill Magazine*, remarks on his appearance when they dined together: "No one," he says, "can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself."

In dictating to his amanuensis during the composition of the lectures on the "Four Georges," he would light a cigar, pace the room for a few minutes, and then resume his work with increased cheerfulness, changing his position very frequently, so that he was sometimes sitting, standing, walking or lying about. His enunciation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, and showed no risible feeling even when he had made a humorous point. His whole literary career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and, like "George Eliot," gave forth his thoughts in such perfect form, that he rarely required to retouch his work. His handwriting was neat and plain, often very minute; which led to the remark, that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. Unlike many men of less talent, he looked upon calligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of his fame he was satisfied when he wrote six pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his shorter stories, he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works. When he received an adverse criticism, he remarked in a letter to a friend regarding it: "What can the man mean by saying that I am 'uncharitable, unkindly, that I sneer at virtue?' and so forth. My own conscience being pretty clear, I can receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with calmness—remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good, tall mark to hit at." That he felt the gravity of his calling is evident from a reply

\* Of Smith, Elder & Co., the well-known publishers.

written in 1848 to friends in Edinburgh, who, pre-  
saging his future eminence, had presented him  
with an inkstand in the shape of a silver statuette  
of "Punch." "Who is this that sets up to preach  
to mankind," he wrote, "and to laugh at many  
things which men reverence? I hope I may be  
able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright,  
according to the eyes which God Almighty gives  
me. And if in the exercise of my calling I get  
friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I  
need not tell you how much I feel, and am thank-  
ful for this support."

Beneath his "modestly grand" manner, his  
seeming cynicism and bitterness, he bore a very  
tender and loving heart. In a letter written in  
1854, and quoted in James Hannay's sketch, he  
expresses himself thus: "I hate Juvenal," he  
says. "I mean I think him a truculent fellow; and  
I love Horace better than you do, and rate  
Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you  
haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or  
rather admit, his power as much as you do, but  
I don't admire that kind of power so much as I  
did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say.  
*Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred;*  
and when you get one or two more of those young  
ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come  
over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather  
than the cruel ones." The pathetic sadness visi-  
ble in much that he wrote sprung partly from  
temperament and partly from his own private  
calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only  
cause. When a young man in Paris, he married;  
and after enjoying domestic happiness for several  
years, his wife caught a fever, from which she  
never afterward sufficiently recovered to be able  
to be with her husband and children. She was  
henceforth intrusted to the care of a kind family,  
where every comfort and attention was secured for  
her. The lines in the ballad of the *Bouilzbaïsse*  
are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic  
felicity:

"Ah, me! how quick the days are flitting!  
I mind me of a time that's gone,  
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
In this same place—but not alone.  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—  
There's no one now to share my cup."

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been  
frequently described. His nose, through an early  
accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the  
bridge, and stubby at the end. He was near-  
sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray,  
but many and abundant; his keen and kindly  
eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes  
over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what  
he "should call the predominant expression of  
the countenance was courage—a readiness to face

the world on its own terms." Unlike Dickens, he  
took no regular walking exercise, and being re-  
gardless of the laws of health, suffered in con-  
sequence. In reply to one who asked him if he  
had ever received the best medical advice, his  
reply was: "What is the use of advice if you  
don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I  
do drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I do  
smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I do eat. In  
short, I do everything that I am desired *not* to do;  
and therefore, what am I to expect?" And so one  
morning he was found lying, like Dr. Chalmers,  
in the sleep of death with his arms beneath his  
head, after one of his violent attacks of illness; to  
be mourned by his mother and daughters, who  
formed his household, and by a wider public  
beyond, which had learned to love him through  
his admirable works.

### A WIFE'S TACT.

"The wise woman buildeth her house."

EVERY house has its "equally" days once in  
awhile, when a "nor-easter" brews in the  
heavens and on the hearth, giving every  
member of the household either toothache, or  
rheumatism, or the "blues"—that physical or  
mental jaundice, as the case may be—when the  
stove smokes and the coal is out; the children are  
cross, or Bridget sulks, or leaves without warning;  
"Charley" has cut out his new rubber boots;  
"wife" has forgotten to sew on your buttons, or  
your shirt fronts and cuffs are not half stiffened;  
or your best hat gets a drenching; or your neigh-  
bor has talked about you; when it needs all one's  
philosophy and religion to steer straight of the  
petty little snags of every-day life.

It was just such a time as this at our house last  
week. Brother Ranslaer's favorite horse had run  
away, and laid him up with a broken shoulder-  
blade; the cistern had sprung a leak; Bridget had  
given us "slop" for breakfast instead of our usual  
fragrant Mocha; every bone in my body ached  
from the chill east wind; and sister Mary, with a  
harassing cough, went about with such a patient  
face that I felt just wicked.

To cap the climax, about noon company was  
announced, and we had planned for "a picked-up  
dinner." I was in despair, and went down to the  
parlor with such an inhospitable face that my lit-  
tle friend exclaimed as she came forward to meet  
me: "You ar'n't glad to see me one bit, Aunt Sue?"  
I was, though, and all my ill-nature vanished in  
a moment at the sight of her sad face.

"What is it, Kitty? What is the matter?" I  
asked, tenderly.

"I'm in trouble, Aunt Sue, and I thought per-  
haps you could help me," and the sweet face  
struggled bravely with the tears.

"Of course I can, dear child. Take off your

wrap and have lunch with us, and then you shall tell me all about it."

Gone all the blues—gone the fret over trifles. Here was some one with a genuine heartache, and my own ills had vanished like smoke. Thus it is ever. The heart that will go out and take in the sorrows and perplexities of another, shall surely be blessed by forgetting his own. Alas! for the days spent in fitful gloom that *might* be spent in doing kindnesses!

Katie is one of my children—an old maid's darling. Why she ever took a fancy to "Aunt Sue" it is quite impossible to say; but the reasons for my partiality to her are self-evident to all who know her; for who can help loving the thoroughly good, sincere, loving little child-woman? Then I had been her teacher before her marriage, and "foster-mother" she had called me through a very desolate orphanage. She is the wife of a promising young lawyer; and though her lips had ever been sealed on the subject, we had for a long time feared she was not a happy wife.

"Let me sit on this stool at your feet, auntie, and lay my head on your knee—so—as I used to do long ago. Oh, it seems so long ago!"

"How long, pray, Kitty? You talk like an old woman."

"It is five years since Fred carried me off, you know, auntie."

"Five years to grow happy and wise, dear."

"Yes. But, O auntie, Fred doesn't love me one bit! It's so dreadful to tell you, though."

It was all out now, and the flushed face buried itself in my lap for shame and sorrow, while the poor hands worked convulsively.

"Tell me all about it, Katie," I repeated, stroking the soft hair soothingly. "Fred is a noble fellow. I fear there is something wrong with you."

It was the old story of want of congeniality and oneness in habits of thought and action. The young husband loved society, public life, elegant dinners and an ever hospitable board. He loved his young wife, too—no mistake about that—and wanted to take her everywhere; loyal to her, but perhaps too volatile and fond of display.

She, by nature and habit, was very different, loving privacy, domestic life, and, above all things, her books. Society to her was a bore, and to keep open house an utter weariness of flesh and spirit. So they had grown apart. Sharp, recriminating words had been uttered, heartaches nursed, and each finding solace for a disappointed, vexed spirit in opposite ways. It was easy to see the chasm that lay before their feet, this young pair who had vowed to walk together "till death do us part." Both were wrong, and I trembled for my bonnie Kate.

"Kitty," said I, "I have a story to tell you. There is a lesson in it, if you really love your husband. I have a friend—a right royal woman,

too—who married a man pre-eminent in business knowledge, and so absorbed therein as to have little interest in other things. He admired his elegant wife, though, and liked to see her presiding over his table and entertaining his business acquaintances. Yet, between these two there seemed a gulf fixed—not one thing in common. When alone, there was nothing to talk about, no level ground on which to meet. To the wife there was thralldom and humiliation in such a life. But instead of turning away from her husband, or nursing dislike, she determined on a noble conquest. She turned her attention to political economy, studied everything pertaining to business—banks, brokerage, railroad stock, market reports, the rise and fall of all kinds of property, and the currency question. Wasn't she a plucky woman? By and by she began to talk, arresting her husband's ear by her knowledge of facts, lucid statements and evident acquaintance with all financial questions. Curious, was it not? Amazed, he watched her with delight and growing admiration. Soon he began to defer to her judgment, ask her advice and quote her opinions. His esteem became profound; and now, when she ventured to introduce other topics nearer to her heart and taste, he not only listened to her with deference, but joined in with hearty interest. She has become wise and learned in the line of thought he values most, therefore, in his eyes, her opinions are of worth on every subject. Wise woman! Do you not see that she has conquered him in his own citadel?

"Now, dear child, go home and adopt this rule. Adapt yourself so thoroughly to your husband's peculiarities, that a love so deep, and strong, and unselfish will be born in his heart for you that you can mould him as you will; that he can but choose to yield to your preference as the law of his life, the joy of his heart. You cannot *force* a point, but by loving integrity and *tact*, you can weld a chain to bind your husband hand and foot which he will never feel."

"I'll try it, Aunt Sue," said the little woman, with such a flash of spirit, will and hope that I knew she would conquer.

Have I one dissatisfied husband or wife for a reader? Don't yield to despondency or ill-humor. Above all, do not turn away in silent pride. Respect each other's rights, preferences and secret sorrows. Try the golden rule. Use love and tact, and you are sure to win.

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

NO LANGUAGE can express the power, and beauty, and heroism, and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

## CORAL.

**A** MOST familiar substance; yet, strange as it may seem, the mode of its formation is by no means familiar.

"Why, yes!" exclaims one, in surprise, "we all know how coral is formed. It is made by little insects, which labor through ages in building up great reefs. They work hard, and then die and leave their skeletons for other insects to work upon."

All of which, we would say, is the common style of expressing a very wide-spread mistake. First of all, there is no such thing as a coral insect. Second, the creatures forming the coral do not labor any more than an oyster does in hardening its shell, or than we do in developing our bones. Third, these animals do not die and leave their skeletons—nor, in fact, have they skeletons.

No doubt some will be astonished to learn that the principal agents in the formation of coral are many species of the well-known sea-anemone. Besides these, concerned in the work are *Hydroids*, creatures somewhat resembling them, but which are, in fact, undeveloped *Medusæ*, or jelly-fishes. A third agent is a small *Mollusk*, called a *bryozoium*. And a fourth coral-maker is, not an animal at all, but a sea-weed. All four of these may be seen in the picture. A glance will show that, for the purpose of illustration, they are drawn large in proportion to the fishes, the budding coral-branches and the coral-rock against which they rest.

Another common error is that regarding the term *zoophyte*. Many suppose it to be an organization intermediate between an animal and a plant. The truth is, that it is a structure formed by animals, but having the appearance of a plant. We have a good example before us in the branched coral, upon which the anemones look like so many blossoms upon a tree.

And now briefly for the mode of coral-formation. A sea-anemone consists principally of a sac-like body, a base which is more or less fixed, and a mouth furnished with an encircling fringe of tentacles, or fingers, which, being usually of a bright color, give, when expanded, the animal the appearance of a flower. Without attempting scientific precision, it is enough to say that, in some strange manner, the creature gathers lime from the surrounding water, and secretes it, in the form of a hard substance from its base, gradually mounting higher, until it may be many feet above its starting-point. This is the case, stated simply. But a myriad of anemones may begin to rise almost from the same place; these continually give off young organizations. So may be presented the phenomenon of a mighty mass of rock, upon the surface of which appear millions of living organisms. As we have hinted, anemones—more properly *polyps*—usually reproduce them-

selves by the process of budding, or gradually putting off from their own structures new ones, which, in a short time, come to resemble the parent completely. In this way, an immense colony may be formed from a single germ, the separate individuals often growing more widely apart, and all upward together, by the increased deposits of coral. We have now accounted for the wide-spread and rapid increase of the calcareous substances; the different sizes, shapes, markings and colors are explained by the exceeding number and diversities of the species of coral-making animals.

Coral—or *corallum*, as it is now called—made by the *hydroids*, is the most widely distributed, next to that produced by the *polyps*. *Hydroids*, as we have remarked, are really jelly-fish at an intermediate stage; but while in this form they closely resemble polyps, especially in having great numbers of slender, thread-like tentacles. These also bud, but most of these buds drop off; some, however, remain, and, increasing indefinitely, form fine, delicate, branching corals of much beauty. The very common Millepore corals, characterized as being hard and stony in appearance, punctured by minute dots, are made by species of *hydroids*.

The *Bryozoans* are very small animals, which, though true mollusks, look much like *hydroids*, as they, too, are provided with tentacles. These form exceedingly delicate corals, either of the nature of fine, moss-like tufts, or thin incrustations over rocks and other corals. Occasionally they make great masses by the growth of plate over plate. These differ from *polyps* and *hydroids*, in that, while the former are all connected as groups of continuous living organisms, the *bryozoium*, though growing in colonies, is always a distinct individual.

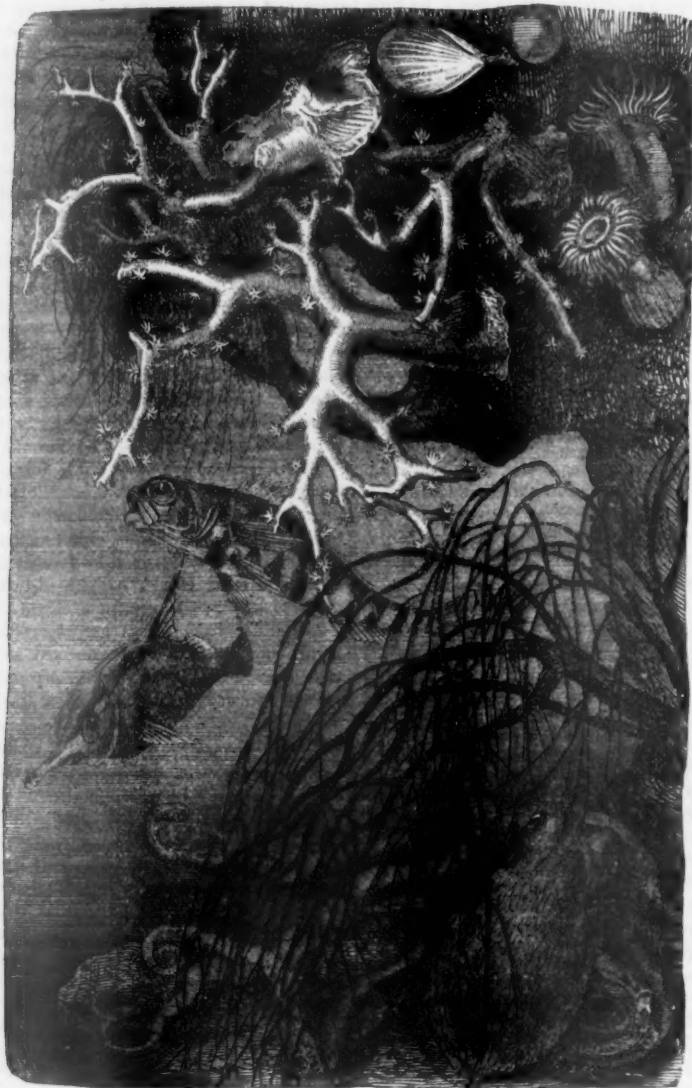
Coral sea-weeds are called *Nullipores*, probably because their being destitute of pores is all that distinguishes them from animal coral. These are true sea-weeds, though stony and solid in appearance. They form incrustations over rocks or other corals, often spreading like lichens. More delicate species are known as *corallines*. These grow so abundantly upon some coasts that, when broken up, they form thick, calcareous deposits.

The subject of the distribution of coral, and the formation of coral-reefs and islands, is a most interesting study, affording material, not for a brief article, but for a volume. We can add but a few words.

Coral is pre-eminently the product of warm seas, little appearing north of Florida in the Western Continent, and the Mediterranean in the Eastern; or, south of Australia. The highly-prized red coral, or *Corallium rubium*, is chiefly found in the Mediterranean Sea, along the borders of which coral-fisheries are established. The Pacific Ocean is the world's great coral-region. Here are seen

the low islands, which have risen from the sea, inclosing a smooth lagoon, encircled by bare reefs, and covered with luxuriant vegetation. It is not generally supposed, we believe, that these islands are composed of coral, clear, as it were, to the

or so of the surface. An expanse of bare rock appearing above the water constituted a reef, many examples of which may be seen lining coasts or encircling islands. This, gradually taking the form of a circle, inclosed a lagoon, or lake; and,



bottom, especially as growing-coral is very seldom found at a great depth. Moreover, a large proportion of islands are of volcanic formation. In the case of those just described, it is supposed that the coral-builders began their work upon ocean hillocks which were already within twenty fathoms

finally, receiving deposits of earth from the tides, and seeds from the same source, as well as those carried by birds, became clothed with vegetation, and finally habitable. Not all the islands of the Pacific, however, are formed in this manner; quite rocky, mountainous ones are seen, manifesting

plainly their volcanic origin; yet, like the others, wholly or partially surrounded by a reef, or reefs.

Reefs are classified as *barrier*, or *fringing*, according to their position, extent and the degree with which they inclose an island, or several islands. A low, circular coral-island is called an *atoll*.

Those who have seen coral-formations in their native seas have described them as being exceedingly beautiful. Beneath the surface of the water, they resemble extensive forests, intermingled with rock, which, studded all over with living organisms, present a charming landscape of exquisite forms and gorgeous colors. Coral-rocks are often thickly incrustated with shells and marine animals of many species, adding much to the variety of sight and interest of inquiry.

Those who desire to obtain more extended information upon this entertaining subject, are referred to the work on "Coral and Coral Islands," by Professor James D. Dana, of Yale College.

M.

### WHO TOOK FLORRIE?

ONE stormy night last March, a woman glided up a narrow court running out of a small street, and knocked at a door there. The wind blew a gale, and the rain fell in such torrents the sound of that knocking went no further than the ears for which it was intended.

Annie opened the door, and this unknown caller, stepping in, produced a babe from under her cloak, saying: "I'll give you two dollars and a half if you'll take this child and find a home for it. Will you?"

Five little ones—her own flesh and blood—already nestled under the warm wings of Annie's love. Yet the true mother-heart always goes out toward a baby. Annie's heart went out after this one. The little creature was not carried back into the storm and darkness. It found rest and shelter on a tender breast.

The woman left no name, no message, no directions. Having rid herself of that morsel of humanity, that burden in the form of a three-hour-old baby, she slipped out into the wind-swept, rain-drenched street, and was gone.

Next morning's sun, peeping in at the window, shone on the face of a baby girl, around whom Ben, Ellie, Bertha, Tom and John gathered in a transport of delight. It was an aristocratic little face, remarkably fair, singularly refined and lighted up with eyes so large, so unfathomably blue, they seemed to be looking into the deep things of life, and to be wondering over them.

Flourie Stella, flower and star, they called her. No name could have better suited the babe with the star-flower face. She seemed a very lily of the skies, that

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"Some child-angel's listless hand  
Dropped into our twilight land."

Her story circulating around the neighborhood, brought people from far and near to see her, and everybody loved her. She won her way to many a heart, and there were doors that would have opened to her gladly had not poverty stood on the threshold. Even the milkman forgot to count the drops, and gave generous measure when little Florrie's pitcher was handed out. "Because," as he said, "being cast off by the ones that owed her a good turn, we must try and make it up to her."

As for the children, they fairly idolized her. I've seen John—little, roguish, eighteen-months-old John—stop in his play to kiss the small head or fondle the dainty face. And there's Ellie, she never seemed to think anything she was called on to do for the baby a trouble. However, there were so many little mouths to be filled, that what should be done with Florrie soon became a very serious question with Tom and Annie. They thought Annie's sister would take her, but she hesitated about adopting so young a child. Then a neighbor had her for a day, and came hurrying back with her that night.

"I don't want her, she's too delicate," was the only reason the woman gave. "Why," she declared, in great excitement, "I actually thought she'd die on my hands."

As the days waxed longer and hotter, who would take Florrie became a matter of grave interest to those of us who knew the family intimately. Tom, big-hearted fellow as he is, was working night and day for his own flock; and as for Annie, she was so frail there were times when she seemed almost dying under our very eyes. Still, Florence was never anything but "mother's comfort" and "little jewel." Had the dear child been Annie's own, she could not have looked upon her with deeper tenderness, or cherished her with kindlier care.

Ah, a mother may forsake her child, but the Great Shepherd cares for the lambs of the flock, and carries them in His bosom. He to whom "the least of these" is "of more value than many sparrows," watched over this little one. Florrie never missed the maternal love from which she was torn that wild March night. It was more than "made up to her."

Yes, Annie's heart yearned over this wee nestling bird; still, none of us can do as we would like. There came an hour when, partly through necessity, and partly in obedience to the advice of others, Annie resolved to place Florrie in the Home.

She started with her from our door, and we were all sorry to bid the tiny thing good-bye. On that sweet, brooding May morn, when earth was bringing forth fruit and flower, and the air was jubilant with the birth-songs of myriads of winged crea-

tures, it was sad to see that dainty human blossom cast, as it were, adrift on life's vast ocean.

And now, not to multiply words over so short a story, I must hasten to its close.

There was no room at the Home. The baby was brought back to that close street in the lower section of our city—brought back to die. She had not grown pink-lipped and roly-poly, as most babies are at three months. Always a white, tiny creature, she was scarcely less white and tiny when it became apparent to all that the death-angel had set his seal on her brow.

One morning Annie came to us in tears. Medical skill availed nothing. Florrie was dying. Going down to Tom's that evening, I found the baby very close to the arms of the Beloved, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

The summer night's carnival was at its height in that narrow, unclean street. All sorts of discordant noises, even to a succession of wretchedly-played dancing-tunes, grated harshly on our ears all the while the dear baby lay dying.

Annie was alone part of the time, so I remained with her as long as I could, and then came home. Came home in the sweet summer dark, knowing that whatever burdens the pure stars might thereafter look down upon, it would soon be "well with the child."

I had scarcely reached my own room, when Tom rang the bell, and we were told that the baby was dead. Florence Stella, flower and star they called her; and she was rightly named.

"That star went down in sorrow,  
But it shineth proudly now  
In the bright and dazzling coronet  
That decks the Saviour's brow.  
She bowed to the destroyer,  
Whose shafts none may repel,  
Yet we know, for God has told us,  
He doeth all things well."

The promise that reaches all who meet the conditions, was kept to this sinless babe: "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up."

Those of us who are Christ's, understand these spiritual upliftings; but the arms that reached to this little one raised her at once and forever.

The question as to who shall take Florrie is answered. She has gone to a home that is never full, where "the gates shut neither night nor day," and to which daily, yes, hourly, the souls of little children "fly as doves to their windows."

MADGE CARROL.

GARNER up pleasant thoughts in your mind; for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives. Strive to see all you can of the good and the beautiful, so that bright, cheerful pictures may be impressed upon memory's tablets, and give you materials of which to think sunny and lovely thoughts.

## DAVID AND RUTH.

### A LOVE STORY.

HE came from his day's work, feeling just as he used to when he was a boy, after he had been racing and romping over every hill within a mile of home, until he had worked himself up into a fearful state of perspiration, and then sat down where there was a draught to get cool. The next day he was sure to feel aguish, and a dull, heavy pain would find every particular bone in his body, and all he wanted to do was to lie down on the bright-covered lounge by the fire, and have mother sit by him and give him once in awhile a drink from the cup full of mysterious tea which he had used to believe was a sure panacea for all ailments flesh was heir to. Just so he felt now. His head ached and his bones ached, and every few minutes he went off into a series of terrific sneezes, which seemed to threaten utter demolition to the top of his head, and also to the poor little plaster shepherdess on the mantel, for she went into a jingling paroxysm every time he sneezed, probably from some mysterious and occult sympathy which we hardly comprehend.

"Dear me! such a cold as I have got!" growled David Reade, kindling a fire in the little stove, while his teeth were fairly chattering. "It'll keep me tied up to the house for a week, just as likely as not, and I ought to be down to the store every day."

He got the fire to burning at last, and pulled up the hard, uncompromising old chair—as uncomfortable to sit in as one of our modern Eastlakes—before the feeble blaze, and sat down to the vain attempt of trying to get warm. But he only succeeded in warming a very small part of himself, while the rest of his body was in a chronic shiver. He put on his overcoat, and tried to get warm by bundling up. But the warmth he was struggling after did not come. Then the supper-bell tinkled, and he went down to try and eat something, and see if a cup of hot-tea wouldn't warm him up a little.

Mrs. Scraggs's table looked more uninviting than he had ever seen it before, it seemed to him. He couldn't eat, and the tea was so weak that it sickened him. He went back to his room and sat down by the stove again, with a bed-quilt wrapped around him, making him look like a stuffed figure got up for a pantomime performance at a moment's notice.

But, try as he might, poor David couldn't get warm. Cold chills crept up his back and down his legs; and regularly, every fifteen minutes, as if he were controlled by clock-work, and marked off the quarters, he kept up his sneezes, and the sympathetic shepherdess danced her jigs on the very edge of the mantel-piece to their accompaniment.

"Seems to me I never felt quite so miserable before," groaned David, with a shiver. "Seems to me, too, that this room looks a little the worst I ever saw it." And he looked about the bare and cheerless little place with a good deal of disgust.

Yes, it was a bare, cheerless little room, make the best you could of it. There was a bed in one corner, and the stiff old chair he was sitting in; a bureau that had amalgamated with a washstand, and had become, in consequence, rather a non-descript article of furniture; and there was his little, old, brass-nailed trunk, and a rickety table that had been so weak in the legs ever since he had known it that it had to have a corner all to itself in order to stand up at all, and he never thought of putting anything on it.

That was all the room contained, and, exercise his imagination as best he could, he had never been able to make it look pleasant and home-like. To-night it seemed to have suddenly taken on a more desolate aspect than usual. He concluded it must be because he felt so miserable. For ten years it had been a substitute for home for him. For ten years he had partaken of his daily meals at the table of Mrs. Scraggs's, along with other beings as homeless as himself, and he had gradually settled down into the belief that things had got into a groove, and would go on forever just as they had been going for the past ten years.

He was head bookkeeper in a store down town. He had saved quite a little sum of money. Sometimes he had thought he would find a more comfortable room, and furnish it nicely, and get some pleasure out of life by having a home-like, cheerful little place to spend his spare time in. But he hadn't any great faith in his ability to keep things looking orderly and neat, and he abominated an untidy, littered room; and as for having things put to rights for him by the chambermaid in such a place as he saw in his mind's eye, that wasn't to be thought of for a moment. That would seem like sending out and hiring a home-fixture at so much a week, and that idea was incompatible with his idea of a home-like, bachelor retreat. So he had never carried out his plan, but had continued to live on in his cheerless quarters at Mrs. Scraggs's.

"Dear, dear! how I do ache!" groaned David, getting up and pacing the floor. "A fellow doesn't feel the need of a home so much when he's well, but when he's under the weather he begins to wish he had some one to take care of him and nurse him up."

A ray of light flashed across the darkness—for by this time it was night—and made a bright spot on the wall of his room. He went to the window and looked across the alley. The light shone from the attic window of a tenement house. He could see into the room from which it shone, and a pretty and pathetic little picture was revealed to him.

A woman sat at a table copying. A great many pages of manuscript lay beside her elbow, and he knew by the pile before her that her task would not be done for hours.

It was a pretty face that bent over the paper. Not a girlish face, but it had a sweet, grave kind of beauty in it, and the brown hair, banded back smoothly from the forehead, shone like gold in the lamplight.

It was a poor little room that she lived and worked in, as far as David could make out from the glimpse afforded of it by the window; but it was a wonderfully neat one. He knew that, for he had often watched her sweep, and dust, and put things deftly in their places. Yes, David Reade, bachelor, had been guilty more times than he would have liked to confess, of watching his neighbor across the way.

He stood there to-night and watched her, until his feet seemed to be standing on ice, and the shivery feeling in his bones warned him that it would be a more sensible thing to do to try to get warm before he went to bed than to be standing there with chattering teeth watching Ruth Doane. The last look he got of her was more satisfactory than any previous one had been, for she looked straight toward the window. David drew back as if he feared she would discover him watching her. Then the light of her lamp seemed to get tangled up in the rose-bush in her window, and he dragged his aching body back to the stove and sat down. Sat down to think, and shiver, and sneeze, and dream. What he thought about was Ruth Doane. What he dreamed about was this: In the little glow that came from the crack in the stove-door, the whole room seemed suddenly changed into a scene of comfort that, to David Reade, stood for a type of Heaven, because it was home. There was a soft, warm carpet on the floor, and a lounge, whose curving, crimson sides seemed made to embrace somebody, stood where the rickety-legged table was standing in the room he was dreaming in. There were bright and cheerful pictures on the wall, and a bird tucked its head under its wing in a cage by the window, where a dozen blossoming plants grew, and kept summer in the room the whole year round. There was a little table before the open grate, where the flames leaped and danced as if they were sentient things, and enjoyed the coziness of the room as much as he did, and on this table were books and papers. And he sat before the fire, slippers on his feet, and a dressing-gown about him instead of a clumsy old coverlet, and he was happy, for close by sat the very spirit of home—a woman with a sweet and tender face, and the face was Ruth Doane's.

It was such a beautiful, beautiful dream! He woke from it with a chilly groan, and came very much nearer sneezing his head off his shoulders and the shepherdess off the mantel than ever before.

"Dear me!" growled David. "What's the use of working day in and day out, and making money to lay up and take no good of?" After which interrogation he sneezed in a subdued way, by way of postscript to his other sneezes, and concluded to go to bed and try to sleep off his cold.

But it was a long time before he slept. He would drop into a doze, and imagine he was wading barefooted in the snow, and open his eyes, as wide awake in an instant as ever he had been in his life to find that his snow-bank was a thing of the imagination. But the shivering sensation shooting through his bones was far too real to be pleasant. Then he would turn over with a groan, and look at the shining spot on the wall made by the light from Ruth Doane's lamp; and watching that, and thinking of her, he would go off into another doze about as much like good sound sleep as a picnic is like pleasure.

When he got up in the morning, he knew that he wouldn't get down to the store that day. He felt worse, if it were possible, than when he went to bed. He built a little fire, and told the boy, whose unfortunate career in life had been so far among the shoals and quicksands of errand-going, and waiting on everybody, and doing all sorts of jobs, to tell Mrs. Scraggs to send him up some tea and toast. He wouldn't try to come down to breakfast.

By and by Mrs. Scraggs knocked at the door with the articles called for, and, acting on the supposition that her position of landlady made her a sort of step-mother to all her boarders, she came to find out what the matter was, and see what ought to be done.

"You've got the pneumony on your lungs," announced Mrs. Scraggs. "Leastwise, an attackt of it. It's awful prevailin' at this season of the year. You want cammomile tea, hot, and a brick to your feet. If you can get a good sweat, you'll feel better, I reckon."

Accordingly, David took "cammomile tea hot," and disposed himself in bed with a brick burning the soles of his feet every time he straightened out his legs, and the bed-quilt tucked tightly down about his neck. And sweat he did, but he felt as bad after taking the treatment prescribed by Mrs. Dr. Scraggs as before.

Such a long day as that was! He couldn't stay in bed, and his bones ached so he didn't feel as if he could sit up, notwithstanding Mrs. Scraggs sent up her most comfortable rocking-chair for his use. All the comfort he did take was in looking at Ruth Doane's room, and thinking of her. He remembered that it was just three months ago that day that she had applied at the store for copying to do. Three months? Why it seemed as if he had known her as many years; and yet, when he came to think about it, he hardly knew her at all. Their acquaintance had gone but little farther

than a smile and a bow when they met, and the interchange of a few commonplace words. But, for all that, she didn't seem like a stranger to David, for he was in love with her.

That evening he sat and watched her at her work, then went to bed and watched the light her lamp made on his wall. And then he got to thinking that his life was something like his bare little room. It lacked something. A great deal, in fact. But the light from Ruth Doane's window brightened it up and made it seem almost cheerful. If the light of Ruth Doane's love could only shine into his life as the light from her window did into his room, how pleasant it would be. And then he dreamed in a wide-awake way of the home they would make together. The light on the wall seemed the fire on home's hearthstone; its dancing flames made him warm, and he fell asleep and dreamed it all over and over.

But he wasn't over his cold, by any means, when morning came. He sent word to the store that he couldn't come down, and partook sparingly of Mrs. Scraggs's tea and toast, but utterly repudiated "cammomile tea" and bricks, when Mrs. Scraggs, in the rôle of doctor, suggested the advisability of another course of treatment similar to yesterday's. And he wouldn't have a doctor sent for. He didn't believe in doctors' stuff, any way.

In the afternoon Mrs. Scraggs knocked at the door and said Miss Doane was in the parlor. The store had got her to do some writing, and the store didn't understand just how it ought to be, and had sent her to him, because he *did*, seeing as he had charge of it and the store hadn't.

Ruth Doane had come to see him. That was the first thing he thought of. Then he remembered that it was on business, and that took away something of the first pleasure of the thought.

"Would there be anything improper in her coming up here, if you came with her?" asked David.

"I can't see as there would be, bein' as you're respectable, and she's come on business for the store," answered Mrs. Scraggs.

"You may bring her up, then," said David. "I don't feel like stirring about much for fear I'll take more cold, tell her."

Mrs. Scraggs withdrew. David had an object in view in asking Miss Doane to his room. He hoped the sight of its cheerlessness might awaken a feeling of pity in her tender heart. He knew, in some unexplainable way, that her heart was tender. He was as sure of it as he could be of anything.

Mrs. Scraggs came back presently with Miss Doane. How bright her face made the room the minute she passed the door. It made it seem so cheerful that David was afraid his design in getting her there would prove a failure. She never would

dream of its looking dreary, if it looked to her as it did to him.

"Mr. Graham told me you were sick," she said, sitting down by the window. "I got some extra work to do in consequence."

And then, while Mrs. Scraggs busied herself in putting things to rights, she explained what her errand was. David instructed her with regard to the writing to be done, and made the explanation as minute and elaborate as possible, in order to keep her there as long as he could.

When she was gone, David groaned. The mean, little room seemed ten times as dismal as it ever had before. But, she had been there! And there was some mysterious influence left to linger where she had been, like the subtle breath of fragrance the rose leaves behind it when it has been borne out of sight.

"Here's somethin' Miss Doane sent over," said Mrs. Scraggs, coming into his room next morning, with a bowl of gruel.

At first, David supposed it was the gruel Mrs. Scraggs referred to, and began to fancy it had an aroma as delicious as that which is popularly supposed to have emanated from the rose-gardens of Ispahan, and heretofore he had repeatedly declared that gruel was his particular abomination, and partook of it under protest. But he presently discovered that what Miss Doane had sent was not gruel, but a rose, a beautiful, great, red rose, with a yellow heart, and it filled the room with a perfume that was like odors from fairy land.

"Ain't it beautiful?" demanded Mrs. Scraggs, presenting the gruel in one hand and the rose in the other. "I'll put it in a tumbler, and it'll keep ever so long. She's a dear, good soul, I tell you. It's a pity she hain't a home and some one to take care of her, though s'fur's that's consarned she's willin' and capable of takin' care of herself."

Mrs. Scraggs watched David craftily to see how he accepted her opinion of Miss Doane's needs, and was gratified to see that he was interested.

"She said as how the poey'd cheer you up, like enough, and the time wouldn't seem so long. It's real good and kind of her, I'm sure."

"Tell her I thank her very much," said David. "Tell her it makes me think of my mother's roses."

The flower made his room almost beautiful, and its fragrance seemed full of the stuff dreams are made of, for he did nothing but dream all the rest of the day, and it must have been the fragrance of the rose that made him do it.

When night came, he put the glass that held the flower where the light from her window would fall upon it. And with her light and her rose in his room he was almost happy. But not even their influence could ward off those terrible

sneezes which told he was not out of the clutches of his cold yet, for all through the evening he indulged in a series of them that seemed first cousins to a regular war-whoop; and in one of them the poor little shepherdess danced off the mantel and broke her neck.

Another day of confinement. Would he ever get out again? He went to the window and looked at the sky. It was forbiddingly gray, foreboding rain. But as he stood there the sun burst out, and the world was transformed. Other people might have failed to see the wonderful change, but, looking over the way, he saw Ruth at the window, watering her rose, and she saw him, and nodded and smiled, and that accounted for the sudden brightening up of everything.

That smile haunted him all day. There were three things now to dream over, her light, her rose and her smile. Such beautiful dreams as he wove out of them! And he made up his mind that his dreams should come true. That was the best of all. He felt like a boy when he had resolved on that. It did him more good than Mrs. Scraggs's "cammomile tea" and hot bricks. Provided—of course—that Ruth was willing. He said that to himself after he had made up his mind as to what he would do.

The next morning it rained, a slow, drizzling kind of rain that didn't amount to much as a rain, but one that effectually prevented him from going to the store, as he had intended to.

Ruth was at the window, setting her rose on the sill to take a bath, when he looked across the way after breakfast. She nodded and smiled, and all at once the air seemed alive with rainbows. He threw up his window and said "good-morning," and they had quite a pleasant chat together.

"I wonder how I'll manage to ask her," thought David, when Ruth had gone back to her work. "I wonder if there was ever a man brave enough to ask a woman to marry him without feeling scared? I don't believe it."

By and by Ruth came to the window to take in her rose. She reached to grasp the pot, but by some mishap, it slipped from her grasp and went tumbling to the ground, and the poor rose lay there among the fragments of the pot that had held it, with its branches broken and mangled.

A cry broke from Ruth's lips—full of pain and grief. Her rose had been like a friend to her, and it was gone.

David sprang up, pulled on a coat, put on his hat, and started for the old German florist's around the corner, "that sudden," declared Mrs. Scraggs, "that she thought he was took worse, and had gone out of his head."

Pretty soon he came back with a pot under each arm; one held a rose-bush twice as large as the one that had met such a sad fate, full of beautiful flowers and buds, and the other held a

calla with two magnificent blossoms gleaming out whitely from among its broad leaves.

David went straight to Ruth's room. He never stopped to think anything about the propriety of the action. He knocked at the door and she came, with a tearful face, to let him in.

"I saw the accident," explained David. "I knew how you had cared for it, and I have brought these to take its place."

"Oh, what beautiful things!" she cried, bending over them, and her face was fairly radiant now.

I can't say which pleased her most, the flowers or the kindness which prompted the gift.

"I can't think of words to tell you how much I thank you," she said. "But if you knew how few beautiful things my life has in it, and how dear my rose had become to me, you would understand."

"I do understand," he said, softly. "O Ruth would *love* make it any brighter?"

Such a question! As if love wouldn't make anybody's life brighter!

She looked up questioningly.

"I love you," he said, simply. "I want you—I need you. May I have you?"

"Are you sure you need me and want me?" she asked.

"Quite sure," he answered.

And then she put her hands in his, trustingly. He folded her to his breast and kissed every tear away from her sweet, blushing, glad face.

"My Ruth!" he said, tenderly. "How happy I am! I wonder if you know?"

"I think I do," she answered, "because I am so happy myself."

Pretty soon you might have seen David down among the litter in the area; he had come to find the poor rose to whose sad fate he owed his newfound happiness in a measure. He cut off the broken branches, and took it to the old florist's. Could he save its life? Yah, that he could. In a week he would have it growing again.

"We'll keep it always," said David to Ruth, as they sat by the little table where she had written hour after hour, while he watched her light upon his wall. He told her all about his dreams. "Such a pleasant home as we will have," he cried, and the rose-bush shook all over in mysterious glee, and the trumpet-blossoms of the calla seemed ringing out jubilant peals.

"Home!" she repeated, musingly. "It's a word I've almost forgotten the meaning of."

"We'll learn its meaning together, then," he said.

It is a simple little story that I have been telling, isn't it? Such a simple little story, to be sure. Nothing strange about it; nothing new; and yet to David and Ruth it was the sweetest, and the strangest, and the newest story in all the world—because it was their love story!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## EUNICE.

EUNICE EDMONDS came out on the little, back porch, and stood for a moment with her hands clasped in mute ecstasy. The lovely, June morning, with its swaying winds, rapturous bird-songs and the soft greenness like a fresh-fallen robe on vale and hill, stirred her heart to music for which she had no words. She sank down on a little, rude bench, and the quiet, gray eyes brimmed with tears. The whole air was full of melody and balm. Even the busy whirl of the noisy mill had a suggestiveness of faint fragrance which old forest trees give out from their hearts when rudely sawn asunder. It recalled her, however, to things of every-day life again, and her trouble came fresh to the surface, as she exclaimed: "Oh, dear! What shall we eat? I believe it is a more perplexing question than the 'wherewith shall we be clothed,' if I am a woman. Five hungry men and nothing to feed them with!" "There will be enough by and by," she said again, after a moment, running her eye over the garden. "Corn, tomatoes, peas, beans; but the things of tomorrow suffice not for to-day," with a comical look of despair.

There were four girls of them, thrown suddenly upon their own resources, with nothing in the world to call their own but this little, gray house with its wide, old-fashioned garden. But as Nora had said, "They couldn't eat the house," so each one began to employ whatever talent she possessed for the old time-honored purpose of "making a living." Eunice took the hands from the mill to board for her share, and though it brought in more ready money than all the rest put together, she sometimes grew very weary of it. It seemed to her the hottest, hardest work in the world when the long, summer days came on. It was the only thing she could do, however, not being a genius.

Nora painted beautiful pictures which they were all sure needed only to become known in order to make her at once famous. She was working hard now to finish a picture for the Academy of Design.

Alice wrote easily and well, and hoped to become distinguished in the wide field of authorship. The only trouble was that it took so long to earn anything. But with faith in themselves, each other, and a glowing future, they were all willing to work and wait. Maud's music scholars and Eunice's mill-men furnishing the means whereby they could afford to do it.

Maud was the beauty of the family, with her long, silken hair and shy, violet eyes. The rest were only tolerably good-looking. Eunice was the restless one, but the others never guessed it. She did not love her work as they did; there seemed nothing to strive for, nothing to attain, only the same dull, unvarying round day after day. She drew in long breaths of dewy fragrance out

here this morning, shutting her eyes to rest her heart and gain new patience. It had been a trick of hers from her childhood. She went in presently, warned by a hissing sound in the kitchen that there might be unpleasant consequences if she stayed longer, and took up the burden again which she had dropped for a moment. The day grew very hot, the work was like a tangled skein, and Eunice found it very hard to keep her patience. Maud called out as she rode past the door behind Harvey Howard's blooded bays that she should not be back in time for dinner—Eunice might save her some—and Eunice nodded and smiled a reply, but afterward a little root of bitterness thrust itself up in that gentle heart, only to be fiercely crushed out. Why should *not* Maud take all the good things since they came to her, and why should not she, Eunice, let them go since they came not to her? Nevertheless a sore unrest brooded in the girl's heart all day long. She went out at night into the little garden arbor, and sat there alone in the dusk with the crickets and the fireflies. The mill-whir had ceased; the frogs were drooping over behind the hill. Perhaps it was good even to be a frog in God's world. He had put her, a human soul, here, or had let her be put here—was it for nothing at all? What if she should put into the work which her hands found to do all the earnestness and enthusiasm which Nora and Alice gave to theirs? Might she not make a little season of rest and refreshment for the tired ones, whence they might carry cheer and encouragement, though they never knew what influence had helped them, or whose hand had wrought the comfort for them? Was it not all the Father's work? She had fretted, she told herself, because her work was hot and hard. Men toiled all day at furnaces and women in close, hot factories.

"The future shall try to atone for the past," she said, earnestly.

A faint purple was all that was left of the royal splendor of sunset, the drowsy winds were heavy with fragrance, and here and there a star came out in the blue above.

"The sky is full of stars even when we see them not," said Eunice, restfully, the twilight hush creeping into her heart and stilling its pain and unrest.

It seemed easy now to be brave and self-forgetful. To-morrow she would be weary-footed, hungry-hearted again.

She went in to find the girls gathered on the east porch as usual these summer evenings.

"Well," Nora was saying, as she snapped a stem from the wisteria that climbed above her head, "if I do succeed, girls, I shall win fame and fortune for us all."

"I think the shortest road to success is to marry a man rich and famous. I believe I'll try it," said Maud.

"Take care, Maud, Phil Lansing is neither rich nor famous, and never will be," warned Nora.

"Phil would make a splendid brother, though," said Alice; "he seems like one of us already. I can read his future as plainly as if marked by the stars. He will settle down into a stout, comfortable, country doctor, easy, good-natured, the idol of the neighborhood, honored alike by rich and poor, but he will neither by rich nor famous."

"Harvey Howard is both," said Nora, "and I rather think it is a good thing for you, Maud, that his orphan niece is musically inclined."

"For shame, Nora Edmonds!" cried Maud, in indignant remonstrance; "to talk like that! I hate to hear girls talk as if they had only to reach out their hand and pick up a man as one would pick up an apple."

"I have only spoken the truth," said practical Nora, maintaining her ground. "I do think it would be splendid, and I don't believe you would have to try very hard; these frequent rides look as though they meant something."

Eunice listened with a sharp, little pang. How blind she had been! A thousand little instances, unnoticed before, forced conviction upon her so suddenly that it almost took her breath.

They went up after a little, to the low, wide room, under the eaves, which they all shared together, and Maud lay awake a long time in the solemn splendor of the moonlight, wondering whether Harvey Howard really loved her, and recalling looks and tones which were all too tender for a friend. And Eunice lay awake longer still trying to realize this new truth so suddenly brought to her notice.

Poor child! there would be many to-morrows in which to learn these things.

She turned her thoughts, at last, with a little sigh of relief, to her work on the morrow. At least she had something to strive for now. It would help her to bear, perhaps.

Next morning, after the breakfast work was out of the way, she set about carrying out her ideas.

"Developing the æsthetic side of housework," she said to herself, cheerily.

All the forenoon she wrought zealously. Every suggestion of coolness and rest which was within her power was faithfully carried out. Dinner time came just as she finished, and she hurried about the preparation of the meal. It must not be late. The men ate first and Eunice waited upon them. They sat down to the table in their shirt-sleeves; ate with their knives, and sometimes had their fun, which was coarse without being bad. She had always shrunk from them and dreaded this part of her work especially, but to-day, having given particular attention to each one's tastes, she utterly forgot herself in her desire to give them a bit of real rest between the working

hours of the busy day. They noticed the difference and commented upon it in their own way when she left them alone for a moment.

"I say, now, don't it look kind o' pert and pretty-like?" said one, leaning back in his chair and gazing around. "She's been fixin' up," with a nod of his head toward the door through which Eunice had disappeared.

"She's handy," said another.

"I declare, boys, this rests a feller, don't it?" asked a third.

They would have liked Eunice to know that they appreciated her efforts to make it pleasant for them, but not one of them had sufficient courage to tell her so.

"Some of us orter thanked her," said Ik Sanders, as they went back to the mill. "I tried to say somethin', but my tongue stuck to the roof o' my mouth, and my heart pounded so I couldn't think o' nothin'."

The laugh went round, but they all owned to a feeling of the same sort.

Eunice cleared away the plates, brushed the table and arranged it daintily for the girls. This also was part of her new idea. She did wonder, with a little heart-thrill, whether they would notice the difference, and then she told herself that it was no matter whether they did or not—they couldn't help being rested.

"O Nixie!" cried Nora, at the first glimpse, "how perfectly lovely!"

The shades were turned so as to shut out the noonday glare, filling the room with a soft, subdued light. Vines were everywhere; creeping out from behind pictures, drooping from graceful little vases, climbing up beside the windows. On a bracket beneath the looking-glass a fuchsia drooped its dainty bells, and on a little corner stand an oblong tray thickly packed with moss held garden flowers. There were geraniums in the windows and a delicate vase of roses on the table. The north door that opened out on the broad, old door-stone was half open, showing the soft, thick grass with its sprinkling shadows.

"It is a picture, a poem," said Alice, enthusiastically.

Maud, tired with her long, dusty walk—for Harvey Howard was out of town and Phil Lansing, in his low, easy carriage, had passed her with a cool bow—said nothing, but she gave Eunice a look which spoke as eloquently as words.

Eunice forgot her weariness, and the time and trouble all this had cost her as she enjoyed their pleasure.

"It had been worth while," she said, inwardly.

"This has been a dreadful forenoon," sighed Nora, "it has been nothing but do and undo all the time."

"If one need only work when one had an in-

spiration!" said Alice, "one could do such grand work."

"Necessity makes inspiration sometimes," said Eunice, quietly; "many a good thing would have been lost to the world, but for the pressing need that drove some one to the work."

"These cream-puffs, for instance," laughed Nora. "They are too delicious for anything. I feel just fit to go out there and lie down in the clover and let the bobolinks sing me to sleep."

"If one only might!" said Alice, with a longing look toward the big elm.

When the girls had gone back to their work in the little drawing-room, Maud came around from her place at the table, and putting both arms around Eunice, kissed her twice.

"You always rest me, Euna," she said, "and just now I'm tired," with a droop of her head on Euna's shoulder.

Eunice kissed her lovingly and silently. The tenderest words sometimes hurt more than they help.

Maud's trouble was one which no one could help her bear, and she knew it. She had liked Phil Lansing better than she knew; judging by her feelings for the past few hours she wondered if she had not even loved him, and his coolness hurt her sorely. Was he angry because she went with young Howard? He had hardly a right to be, since he had never even told her he loved her. She guessed dimly at his reason. He was poor and too proud to stand in her way. If Harvey Howard could win her, let him.

Could he? The future only held the answer. As for Eunice, Harvey Howard was her hero, worshiped from afar in her most secret heart. He was her knight—a Sir Lancelot among his fellows—and she read over and over again the story of Elaine with a tender, half-regretful self-pity. It was as impossible he should ever care for her. Unconsciously she nursed her pain, and went about with a dumb, half-hopeless misery sitting in her heart like a skeleton at a feast.

To be sure she knew him but a very little, but what girl waits to become thoroughly acquainted with her hero before she exalts him into an idol, and constitutes herself his humblest devotee.

All this wore upon the girl as the summer went on. She was trying to kill her love—for so she named it—instead of letting it alone to die peaceably by itself. But love thrives upon persecution and grows tenfold stronger. Neither tears nor prayers ever yet conquered a woman's heart. She grew pale and thin. Nora shook her head and insisted that she was working too hard, and should give up some of the hands.

Eunice smilingly resisted. She was not hurting herself—work was good for her.

It would have been easier and pleasanter, however, if she had known how the men had come to

enjoy their meals and the influence her self-forgetful toil was having upon them. As it was she hoped for nothing, looked for no reward.

Of late there had been a new hand at the mill. A youngish fellow with loose, light hair, pale blue eyes and a freckled face. His hands and feet were large and seemed to be always in his way, there was a slight stoop in his shoulders and a slouch in his gait. He had a way of shrinking suddenly if any one spoke to him as if he had been struck.

It was pathetic to see the mute wonder and surprise in his face the first time he came into Eunice's pretty little dining-room. The girl herself was a vision to him, evidently, in her simple print dress, with its dainty ruffles at throat and wrists, and the knot of blue ribbon in the brown hair and at the neck. She had another and cooler dress for work, but she slipped this on when the meal was ready. She liked to look nice for them.

"Only rough mill-hands!" Alice remonstrated, one day. "What does possess you to take so much trouble?"

But Eunice only smiled a little, and said: "Even a rough mill-hand may be a gentleman, Alice."

"They seldom are," retorted Alice.

"Perhaps no one ever took the trouble to make them believe it was possible," answered Eunice, again.

"Mack," as the men called him, never took his eyes off the girl's face till she happened to glance up. Then he dropped them instantly, his lips trembling and a slow color creeping up into his cheek.

Ik Sanders rallied him a little that afternoon. Only a little, for they all had an impression that the girl "up at the house" would not think it manly or honorable.

Eunice was "building better than she knew" into these rough lives.

"What struck you at noon, Mack? You looked as though you was seein' a ghost."

"Don't, boys," he said, huskily, throwing up his hand, "you don't know what my life's b'en. She looked a'most like an angel dropped out o' the clouds. You wouldn't wonder if you'd a' b'en through all I have. It don't seem as if she done all that fur us," he said, after a breath, "I guess that must 'a' b'en suthin' else."

"Thar's where you've guessed wrong, my boy," said Joe Wetherell, triumphantly, "she does all that fur us ev'ry day."

As the days passed on, Kent Mackay changed wonderfully. The stooping form straightened; the shrinking went out of his manner; he learned to look you in the face like a man. Years afterward he used to say that Eunice Edmonds made another man of him.

Eunice had no idea of the influence she was exerting in the direction where influence tells so

strongly. She loved her work for its own sake now, and found that she had an aim and ambition as well as the rest. The swift-footed days had dulled her pain somewhat. At least she had grown used to bearing it.

Again she sat down on the little rustic seat in the garden. It was September now, the summer days were gone forever. She had come down here to fight a last bitter battle with herself, to look reality in the face and gather strength and courage to bear it. For last night Maud had told her, with smiles and blushes, that Harvey Howard would be her brother some day.

"And you don't know how good and kind he is, Euna; so interested in all you girls, and ready to do anything to help you."

"What of Phil?" questioned Eunice.

"Well, Euna, to tell the truth, I did feel dreadfully for awhile. We had been such good friends, and he was so much like one of us that I missed him sorely. But I just made up my mind that if he was going to hold off like that, I wouldn't run after him. And now—well, you see, Harvey is the best fellow in the world, and when I told him that I had almost loved Phil, he said that Phil was a good fellow and worth half a dozen such as he, but he was much obliged to him for keeping away, and—and—a lot more nonsense about me," answered Maud, casting down her eyes and looking more charming than ever.

There was no bitterness in the kiss Eunice gave her, saying that she believed Harvey Howard was worthy of her, and hoped she would be happy, but to-day, with its discussions and plans for the future, had been almost more than she could bear.

Nora was jubilant, Alice triumphant, Maud blissfully happy and Eunice had made her work an excuse to keep away from them as much as possible. She felt like the one discordant note that mars a harmony.

She sat here now, resting from the day's hopeless pain in the dumb endurance which comes after the sharp stroke.

The little back gate which led down to the creek, across the bridge to the mill, clicked sharply. Eunice raised her head in surprise at this unwelcome intrusion.

Kent Mackay stood before her, hat in hand. It was a touch of gentle breeding that sat rather oddly on the ungainly figure, but it held a hint of the hidden forces which were working within.

"I'm goin' away, ma'am," he said, in answer to the girl's inquiring look, "an' I couldn't go without thankin' you fur the new life you've put into me, fur the hope and courage you've give me."

"I? I do not understand." And Eunice rose, stirred out of herself by his eager words.

They stood there and looked at each other—the gentle, dainty woman and the rough, strong man.

His face worked strangely, and when he spoke

again it was in a slow, choked voice, growing passionate and impetuous as he went on.

"Ye see, I never had no chance in the world. My mother died when I was a little un, and my father"—his face darkening—"might 'a' better. Nobody believed in me, an' they all told me I should go to th' bad, an' I did. I didn't care. I might as well go to ruin as not; thar wasn't a soul as 'u'd hold out a finger to keep me back. But sence I've b'en here, you've used me like a gentleman, an' you sort o' made it seem as though I could be one if I tried. And I want to say that, though I'm goin' away, I sha'n't fergit it. I'm goin' to be a man, an' what good ther' is in me shall have a chance to grow. If ye ever see me ag'in, you sha'n't be ashamed to own me as a friend."

The girl's face went down into her hands. The surprise and joy coming close upon her bravely-borne pain were too much for her. Only for a moment, and then she lifted her head, her eyes shining with a solemn joy through the tears on her lashes.

"I would rather know what you have told me to-night, Kent Mackay," she said, slowly, "than to have had any joy whatever in God's whole earth," and the memory of her lost happiness was fresh in her heart as she spoke.

All his life long, Kent Mackay would never forget that look on the girl's face—the wide eyes full of that solemn, shining joy. He fumbled his hat awkwardly, his lips working.

"It's a good deal to me," he said at last, his voice choking.

Her next words seemed borne out of her lips in spite of herself, for she was shy of speech, this little Eunice.

"You will not forget Him who will help you to a new life."

"I'll try to remember. You've made it seem as how mebbe He does care," he said, humbly.

She held out her hand. "Good-bye; I'm sure you will succeed."

He took the slender fingers in his broad, rough palm for a moment. That touch, too, was a thing Kent Mackay would never forget.

"Good-bye. For your sake I'm goin' out o' here a different man than when I come, and there's more than me'll say that same, too."

Eunice had her little hour of praise and thanksgiving and humiliation there alone before she went in. It was so much more than she had thought to do. It was a good thing to be shaken out of her own life and given a look into another's. Was not this better than that she should have had her own joy, however sweet and desirable?

Years afterward a railroad was being laid out through a lovely valley. A squad of workmen stood by the road waiting for further direction,

and a little aside the engineer was scanning carefully the just completed work. Down the slope came a traveling-carriage, from which a lady leaned half-breathlessly, her eyes fixed on the distant hills.

"See here a minute, Kent!"

But the engineer did not turn; his eyes were fastened on the face before him. He should know it among a thousand.

The name fell on the lady's ears, and she glanced quickly around.

"Please stop a moment, Phil," she asked, in low, eager tones.

With a half-amused smile, the gentleman drew up his horse.

She leaned forward and spoke to the man nearest her.

"I am not mistaken? That gentleman yonder is Kent Mackay, is it not?"

"You're right there, ma'am; and a fine fellow he is, too. The best engineer on the road."

But Kent was coming toward them—the tall, lithe form, with every trace of the stooping shoulders utterly gone, and the free, swinging step, so different from the old slouching walk. The face had changed, too. It wore that look of command which unconsciously controls men.

He was beside them now, and had taken the hand she held out to him.

"Kent, my friend," calling him by the name she had always used to herself, "how goes it?"

"Better and better," throwing back his shoulders and drawing a deep breath. "I have kept my word; but it was tough work at first," shaking his head.

"I knew you would," her eyes shining upon him again with that look he remembered so well.

"It was all for you," he said, a grateful smile in the eyes that looked into hers.

"Who is she, Kent?" asked the men, gathering around when they were alone once more.

"She is the woman to whom I owe all that I am in the world," answered Kent Mackay, slowly.

For nearly a quarter of a mile Eunice Lansing rode in utter silence. The sight of Kent Mackay recalled so vividly the memory of the old pain. How little she had guessed the good in store for her, drawing a little nearer to her husband and slipping her hand through his arm at the thought.

"What a fine work the years have wrought in that man, Philip!" she said at last. "I can hardly believe him the same person I knew in those old days." And then she told him the story of Kent Mackay.

"It was like you, Eunice, my wife," he said, tenderly, as she finished. MARJORIE MOORE.

THE man who allows a doubt to come between him and his honesty has taken the first step toward evil.

## A FLOWER QUEEN.

"I WISH you would tell us through the magazine which flower gets the most votes."

In answer to this request from the Bay State, I would say that the lily carried the day.—  
MADGE CARROL in the HOME MAGAZINE.

Hail to thee, lily, queenliest of flowers! Crowned by the majority, who shall doubt thy right of royalty?

Dedicated to Juno, typical of innocence and majesty, symbolized in Holy Scripture, the lily possesses unusual significance in floral history. It has been celebrated in song and legend; sculptured on tomb and obelisk; imitated by the Jews in the decoration of their first magnificent temple; and, in later history, a national emblem, the Bourbon golden lilies of France.

Throughout Spain and Italy, the white lily is typical of the virgin's purity, and is frequently used to decorate her shrine; also as a token of remembrance in the holy ceremonies of Easter. According to an old fable, there was originally but one kind of lily, and that was orange-colored. There are marvelous stories professing to account for the many-hued varieties that now exist. One legend tells that Jove, being desirous of rendering the infant Hercules immortal, caused Somnus to prepare a nectareous sleeping-draught, which he administered to Juno, who soon fell into a profound slumber. Whilst the mother of the gods was in this condition, Jove placed the babe to her breast, in order that it might imbibe the divine milk that would insure its immortality. The little Hercules, in his over-eagerness, drew the milk too quickly, and some drops falling to the earth, the white lily, emblematical of purity, immediately sprang up.

Botanists disagree as to the limits of the lily family. Many flowers have been accredited kinship without positive title; thus the calla, royal of itself, needs not the aid of princely favor.

The Victoria Regina, so named by Dr. Lindley in honor of the Queen of England, may be considered as the most magnificent of all lilies—perhaps of all flowers; its snowy bluish-tinted blossoms attain four feet, and its enormous leaves eighteen feet of circumference!

Five native species of the lily are found east of the Mississippi, and several are peculiar to the Pacific coast. The commonest of these is the wild yellow lily, which is found in moist meadows from Canada to Georgia. The most showy eastern species is the Turk's-cap lily, which is not rare in rich, moist ground—indeed all lilies are products of moisture and fertility. They require little attention but abundant mould.

The most noticeable lily of the far West is the *Washingtonianum* of the Sierras, which bears

numerous pendulous flowers, at the first pure white, but afterward tinged with lilac, and of the most exquisite odor. The Sierras deal only in grandeurs even as to plant-life. We imagine the common weeds of that region have a more aristocratic bearing than those of less lofty lineage.

Of the many garden species, the oldest and best-known is the white lily—*Lilium candidum*—which was brought from the Levant some three centuries ago. This is the lily of the poets and painters, the dream, yet despair, of all artists. Only the Great Artist of all things can execute such work in perfection.

The rare giant lily from Nepal has a stem nearly ten feet high, with from eight to twenty pendulous, fragrant flowers, which are white outside and tinged with violet within. (A pansy in clerical robes.)

Why describe the tiger-lily? It is the most common of all old-fashioned flowers. Not a bit ferocious, it haunts back yards, and stands like red-coated sentinels by the gates of rural parsonages. Pluck one, and a fine, powdery dust will cling to your fingers with the tenacity of brick-dust, or Indian war-paint. It is a native of China, and the ubiquitous John Chinaman will inform you, "Me likee muchee tiger-lily."

The golden-banded lily is a native of Japan, and figures occasionally in those gaudy hieroglyphics, known as Japanese fans. It is white, with a clear yellow stripe running the whole length of the sepals. One stalk will sometimes produce nearly one hundred of these bright-banded lily-cups.

One of the most popular flowers claiming relationship with these idle beauties—they toil not, neither do they spin—is the lowly Lily of the Valley. There are many varieties, but favorite ones are white, pearl-pure, bell-shaped and fragrant. They are among the most fashionable of all floral ornaments. Says the *Home Journal*: "It is the fancy among leaders of fashion in London to adopt some particular flower which always appears in their bouquets or *boutonniers*. At a recent ball attended by the prince and princess of Wales, it was noticed that lilies-of-the-valley were the most favored."

It is known in some country villages as Ladder to Heaven, and is emblematic of the return of happiness, in allusion to the revivifying of nature—the spring-time—when it sends forth its fairy pearl-bells. Bishop Mant has apostrophized this shy little floweret in his "May Song:"

"Fair flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,  
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,  
Than whom the vernal gale  
None fairer wakes on branch or spray,  
Our England's lily of the May,  
Our lily of the vale."

Keats, with heart akin to nature, gives this

humble favorite a permanent place in English poetry:

"No flower amid the garden fairer grows  
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,  
The queen of flowers."

The pond or water-lily is one of the choicest of aquatic plants. It is sometimes termed water-nymph, having been dedicated by the Greeks to these sprites of the sea. Of about twenty species, two are found in the United States. They cover a broad surface of water on the margins of lakes and ponds, forming what are known as lily pads; the flowers are large, of the purest white and delightfully sweet-scented. One of the best known of these exotic plants is a native of Egypt, the white lotus of the Nile. The tubers and seeds of some species of water-lily are edible. The grandest of all lilies, the *Victoria regia*, has sufficient strength of stem and bloom to bear the weight of a water-bird. One of our most genial American poets has expressed this piquant preference for the water-lily:

"Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge  
The rival lily hastens to emerge.

"I hate those roses' feverish blood!  
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,  
A long-stemmed lily from the lake,  
Cool as a coiling water-snake."

An heraldic work published in France, gives the following singular and interesting account of the lily as an emblem: It is the symbol of divinity, of purity, of abundance and of love most complete in perfection, charity and benediction; as that mirror of chastity Susanna is defined Susa, which signifies the "lily-flower," the chief city of the Persians bearing that name for excellency, hence the lily's three leaves, in the arms of France meaneth piety, justice and charity.

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

HAPPINESS.—Most of the wrong-doing in the world comes from an uneasy craving for pleasure of some sort. The desire for revenge produces all kinds of malicious and hateful conduct; the yearning for gain suggests dishonesty, fraud, oppression, injustice; the appetite for sensual gratification leads to gluttony, intemperance and vice. A state of true happiness would render these cravings impossible; the higher gratifications once thoroughly enjoyed, no room would be left for the lower. The great happiness of love annihilates revenge and malice; sympathetic pleasures extinguish selfish ones; pure and innocent recreations, cheerful society and wholesome habits preclude the temptations to vicious courses. In a word, happiness, in its truest meaning and best forms, is the foe to wrong-doing, and in this sense it may be said that those who are happy are good.

## BITTIBAT FARM.

### PART II.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

### CHAPTER VII.

RACHEL was in Boston. She had obtained a situation, thanks to her cousin, Tom Jeffers—and Sparkler's Landing—as French speaking saleswoman in one of the largest dry-goods stores. And thus did the burning of Pantouflette's ship-yard bring a fair income to Bittibat, and discover to Rachel her "sphere." For she was a natural-born saleswoman.

Rachel speedily became a great favorite with her employers. She was honest in the very spirit of the word. Looking upon their interests as identical with her own, or rather, while she was in their pay she had no interest that was not theirs. She had no thought except for her employers and their customers, whom she mutually served to the best of her ability. And for that dear home, for whose sake she lived abroad.

Her good taste, quick sympathy and ready powers of calculation made her so valuable an assistant to an economical Frenchwoman, anxious to cover as much cloth as possible with her meagre purse, that each one helped to a satisfactory purchase, told her friend, and the friend came immediately to Rachel's in preference to any other counter in the city.

Rachel enjoyed her situation very much. She liked to help people to spend their money to advantage; she liked to handle the handsome fabrics; she liked to plan pretty dresses and select their trimmings; she was naturally social, fond of meeting new faces and trying to read their stories. Above all she felt that she was giving satisfaction to both her employers in the counting-room and those over the counter. And she was receiving wages that would bring ease and plenty to Bittibat.

\* \* \* \* \*

More than a year has passed. Bittibat has seen Rachel for only one short day in sixteen months. Sixteen months!

"What a livelong time!" Leonie says.

The few hours she spent with them in the grove on Independence Day count for nothing. The home-folk scarcely saw their dear one, so many "outsiders" claimed her attention. But now she was coming home for half a week—and half a day over by strict calculation. She was coming on Wednesday, not to return till Monday morning.

It was the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. Melicent drove down to the eight o'clock train. The rest, "in best bib and tucker," waited in the familiar sitting-room where the long curtains were close drawn, but the parlor door set wide, that home's cheery light might shine through the front windows and welcome that looked-for comer.

The tea-table waited, too, in the newly-carpeted dining-room, that was odorous of Thanksgiving. And Edwy and a brown-bearded young man came in, their chores all done and heads combed before the kitchen looking-glass, seating themselves with an equally eager air of expectation. Melicent and Donna waited also, beside the board fence of the Landing House. There was such a crowd and crush of vehicles as made it really dangerous to approach the depot more nearly.

At last the engine came thundering on, scattering sparks, and belching smoke, and letting off torrents of white steam.

One after another the various vehicles walked or trotted up to the depot and walked or trotted away with a loudly-talking and excited load. Milly still waited a little, and before she had seen a clear passage to the station Rachel was beside her, exclaiming: "Well, there! Here you are at last! I've been all around the depot three times for you; I have got a *quantity* of baggage!"

And then Uncle Jeffers's handsome carriage drew up beside them; and presently, too, came Uncle Gardiner's old-fashioned, open wagon, drawn by his little, blooded mare that could "knock fire out of anything in Quarly;" and greetings had to be exchanged between the cousins near and distant.

But at last they were off. There was a deal to say on the homeward drive, yet Milly drove slowly, and ere she reached the head of Bittibat lane, Rachel had paused—to think of something more, and then Milly said: "You know that young man who undertook to work our farm on shares?"

"Yes," returned Rachel. "That is, I know what you have written about him in your letters."

"I have not written more about him than the others, have I?"

"You? No. I meant you collectively, not individually. You all like him, don't you?"

"Yes. Didn't you like what you saw of him on the Fourth?"

"I believe so," said Rachel. "I thought he was very honest and sensible."

"Rachel!"

"Well?"

"Don't you think a girl ought to make up her mind before she lets a man propose to her as to whether she is willing to accept him or not?"

"Certainly."

"She ought not to let a man propose to her, unless she is sure she can accept him?"

"Certainly not, if she knows that he is going to propose."

"Oh, it is easy enough to tell."

"Certainly it is, if he is a decent man, and does his courting in a decent way."

"I think it is all nonsense for girls to do as in stories, be taken all aback by a confession that anybody could see had been pending ever since the young man appeared on the scene. It is all nonsense about a girl encouraging a young man innocently, not imagining what his attentions mean."

"Certainly," said Rachel, again. "There are attentions which no woman should accept from a man whom she would be unwilling to marry. Because they are understood by society to imply partiality on the gentleman's part, and if the lady receives them with apparent pleasure it will be understood by every one that she would also accept more serious attentions. Her conduct would so be regarded by him, inevitably, whatever she may think of the matter."

"I know what you mean, Challie. Accepting presents, for instance. But he has not made me any."

"Who, Milly?"

"Why, Mark."

"I see, Mark the perfect man. But has he no other name?"

"Why, don't you know? Mark Bogardus."

"What! The man who works our farm? No, I did not know that he was named Mark. He is always called 'our man' in the home-letters. Well, dear, I think he is a very nice person from all I have heard of him. Permit me to congratulate you. I will dance in the brass-kettle on your wedding day with perfect equanimity."

"Now, Rachel! Please don't. You know I despise nice men and pretty men. Mark is neither one nor the other, and I don't feel at all as if I were to be congratulated."

"Why, pray?"

"Because!" and here, as they were approaching the house Milly drew rein. "Rachel! I want to know if you think I *ought* to get married."

"If you have found a good man, certainly."

"Oh, dear! you have not said anything but *certainly*, to-night. Is it fashionable to say, *Certainly*, in Boston?"

"No. They say, Y-e-e-s? But honestly, I think it would be a very good idea for this Bogardus to marry you, and keep right on at the farm till Leonie is of age and the property is divided. It is so comforting to have a man around, you know!"

"Now, Challie!"

"And then," continued Rachel, quickly; "you will have quite a nice little farm of your own to move on to. Sixteen acres, and you know *ten acres is enough*."

"Quite enough to pay taxes on and buy fertilizers for," muttered Milly. "And keep fenced."

"Yes," said Rachel, "but Mark can cut the fencing off your own land, and you can be improving it for the next five years or so, at least the

eight acres that are on our side of the line. You can pick out a nice place for a house-lot, and be planting trees and vines on it. In fact, if he gets anything ahead he can build and have the house already done."

"Yes, if he gets anything ahead," said Milly, dolorously. "That is the question—if we marry. For then there are children to look out for right away."

"Why, look here, Milly, the farm will support as many as it ever did, I suppose. Father managed to keep us all together, and educate us well and lay up something beside; and we were a much more expensive family five years ago than we are now—you will never be so extravagant a wife as mother was, nor make your children cost so much. Then you can cut your own house-timber off your own lot. And Edwy and Mark can frame the house and cover it themselves, I should think, if he is any sort of a calculator and manager—"

"I don't know," interrupted Milly, hastily. "I only know that I think he—I wish you would just study him well, Rachel, while you are here, and then tell me what to do before you go."

"I will, certainly," answered Rachel, and then they drove on. And Milly hurriedly began speaking of other things.

The end of the matter was, or rather the beginning of the end, that Rachel said to Milly, as they drove to the train on the next Monday morning: "I hope, my darling, that you will get that brown-bearded brother for me as soon as possible. I want to hear that he has proposed in the very first letter I have from home, and let it come as soon as possible. I think he is just *splendid*, if you don't dare say it yourself. I take it all back about his *niceness*. He is not *nice* a bit, but all that a man should be, save that. You know, I myself prefer a little *niceness* in men."

"Like Gove Sparkler, for instance," said Milly.

And Rachel said: "Wasn't that a great joke?" and then they both laughed.

The "great joke" had transpired on the previous Saturday afternoon, and probably Rachel was the only person concerned who saw anything mirth-inspiring in the affair.

For so it inevitably is. Such minds as are quickest to feel grief, and sink to lowest depths of woe, are also keenest to see the ludicrous, and bound to airiest heights of enjoyment. "The bubbles that dance on life's shallows well up from life's deep." The sensitive needle whirls through all points of the compass in one breathing space, and the pendulum that swings farthest to the right is the one to reach the most extreme left.

The account of what took place on that Saturday afternoon will be reserved for the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Farewell! and when thy days are told,  
Ill-fated Ruth in hallowed mold  
Thy corpse shall buried be;  
For thee a funeral-bell shall sing,  
And all the congregation sing  
A Christian psalm for thee."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON the Saturday in question, Mrs. Leroy Sparkler had called a meeting of the ladies of Quarly to consider the relief of the destitute in their midst.

It was a soup-kitchen that was contemplated by the wealthy ladies of Quarly. For those two hundred idle hands meant, "penury and pine" to two score families, and one family contains many mouths.

When Rachel came down from the city, Mrs. Throgmorton told her of this meeting, and what ideas she had formulated concerning the sort of help needed by their destitute.

Mrs. Throgmorton's intense, aristocratic feeling and lady-like exclusiveness could not be overcome sufficiently to permit her to attend a public and general business meeting, even for sweet charity's sake, but she gave a carefully-written paper to Rachel, whom she delegated to appear as her mouth-piece and exponent.

"You will see that my views are thoroughly understood, dear."

When Rachel arrived at the Town House, only a small portion of the wisdom was assembled. About a dozen ladies were gathered in one corner, their heads together, and consternation on their faces. Rachel felt that some dire calamity must have visited the town; and so it had, if the story Mrs. Decoye was telling was true.

Mr. Decoye, by the way, was as abominable a gossip in his circle as was Ebenezer Rowley in his. Mr. Decoye heard everything that was going, and guessed at more than he heard. And all that he heard, and guessed at, and thought might be so he carried to his wife, who was so dextrous at fitting, and piecing, and over-seaming, that one never could tell where the different fabrications joined. And as for cutting out and making up, she would show you so wonderfully shaped and colored a coat, exactly fitting somebody's back, yet running out into so many *tails* that you would never suppose she had fashioned it, alone and unaided, out of a whole piece of cloth. So she turned upon Rachel with her wonderful story, in which you could see neither seam nor break, but that unrolled as smoothly as though Mrs. Decoye had stood by, and—as she would have one believe—seen every thread of the pattern laid.

It seems, and this is the solemn truth, for Mrs. Decoye ought to know, living opposite to Leroy Sparkler's—and she had noticed time and time again how very pretty Mrs. Leroy's child's-maid

WASP (ten times prettier than little Mrs. Pantouflette, and you know what a fuss there was about her, poor, innocent thing! Though whether Gove's skirts had been quite cleared of that stain I really could not say)—Rachel started as though she had been shot. But Mrs. Decoye declared that she never thought those Sparklers quite the gentlemen they appeared; there was something dreadfully secret and underhand about them.

Here such a decided motion of disapproval went around the group, that Mrs. Decoye plunged at once into her story without further inuendo.

"About two o'clock on the previous night, Goveneur Sparkler and his own man—French, as was Mrs. Leroy's maid (a French Catholic). Gove and his own man, I say, had been sent for—and carried to Mr. Leroy's own house. And a doctor from Megotockinec (why from Megotockinec, goodness only knows! There are just as good doctors right here in Quarly—they are *too near home*, perhaps). And a priest was telegraphed for and came down in the early morning train, and then the girl was married to the man. (That poor, dying girl! They say she had to be held up on each side, and fainted dead away as soon as the service was over. And that fellow got two hundred dollars for marrying her. Though which brother paid it, I'm sure I don't know. But I can tell you that Gove paid the priest out of his own pocket; though whether he had more of a hand in the affair than his brother, I would not dare say. But Mrs. Leroy packed that girl out of the house, bag and baggage)."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Rachel, standing up white and straight, with a hand clutching the back of a chair to steady herself. "I don't believe one word of it! And you don't, either, Mrs. Decoye!" Her voice was low and fierce, and the tumult of feeling that spoke through it she did not herself understand. "You know, and every lady here knows, that Mrs. Leroy Sparkler is not the woman to turn any suffering creature away from her door, much less a dying girl, as you picture this maid to be, no matter how great the crime she had committed. And what is her crime? You have not told us. You do not name it. Why? You dare not! You dare not name it even to yourself! How dare you even think, in the secret recesses of your soul, in the unveiled presence of your God—how dare you *think* a crime so foul you cannot mention it in the ears of sinful mortals like yourself! And who are these men you are defaming? Men who stand alone, without peers in this community for business integrity, for spotless characters, for wide-reaching, never-tiring charity! There is not one man in one thousand would have felt the moral obligation that Leroy Sparkler did, toward an unknown, foreign hamlet, ruined by his business troubles, through his own misfortune, not his fault! Can you name two other men in any

thousand who would have felt bound in honor to create an industry, and bear the expenses of transportation, for a score of inconspicuous individuals whose life or death was a thing of no moment to city, state or province?—whose graves would have been forgotten ere the grass had covered them? Perhaps none of you ladies owe the Sparklers any kindness. Perhaps you are no better nor happier, your lives no richer, no fuller of content, for any act of theirs. But Mr. Goveneur once did us an unspeakable favor. I trust we shall never forget it! And I will not hear his good name abused while I have a heart to feel injustice and a mind to recall benefits."

"Thank you, Miss Throgmorton!" said a masculine voice at a little distance.

Everybody started guiltily, and turned their eyes toward where Mr. Goveneur stood with Mrs. Leroy upon his arm.

Even at that terrific moment, when her cowering soul was calling on mountains to cover it, Mrs. Decoye thought how they two went always everywhere together; that Mrs. Leroy was considerably younger than her husband, and wondered if she could not make something out of that. So uncontrollable is the power of habit, and so irresistible the habit of evil-thinking. Mrs. Decoye never had a good thought of any one.

"I really cannot recall the great favor for which you seem to me unduly grateful, Miss Throgmorton," said Mr. Goveneur; "yet I thank it heartily for having been the moving cause of such a noble championship. And just as much am I at a loss to understand the grounds for Mrs. Decoye's aspersion of my sister's character."

The dismayed ladies looked at one another. Which one must it be to thrust that dirty little tale in the face of the grieved and trembling lady, who clung, almost fainting, to the arm of her brother-in-law? Mrs. Decoye's face was like scarlet, and her eyes like flame, but she gave no sign of speaking.

Mrs. Sparkler, an impulsive lady, given to strong and sudden emotion, wept profusely.

"It is so cruel!" she said. "So cruel! My poor Lisa! She was dying of consumption—had been ever since that dreadful fire at St. Clement's. She was engaged to be married. Poor fellow! he was so fond of her! But they were too poor to think of marrying; so Goveneur, out of sheer pity, took him as his own man at a good salary, and I brought her from Canada myself, hoping, with good care and a more genial climate, she could be cured; and by the time she was well—we—thought they would have enough to marry on. I went South last winter especially for her benefit. But all was of no use. Last night she was taken with hemorrhage, and we sent for Goveneur and her betrothed, and Dr. Magnor of Megotockinec. She has been under his care the whole time. You

know, ladies, he has the best success with consumption of any physician in the county. He thought poor Lisa might live the week out, but no more; and the poor children begged so hard to be married—to be united here before being separated, as they think, forever!”

But here Mrs. Leroy's sobs choked all utterance, and Goveneur himself continued: “I telegraphed up for a priest, and he came down on the first train. They were married and taken to Mrs. Pantouflette's, to enjoy together, as we hoped, one week of the married life to which they had looked forward during so many years.”

And there he stopped. But Mrs. Sparkler added, in a strangely formal way: “Ladies, I am late to my appointment, for another duty claimed me first. I have just returned from Mrs. Pantouflette's;” and then, weeping convulsively, “Goveneur, do you tell them the rest.”

There was a little pause, and then Goveneur said, quite low: “Lisa is dead!”

Dead! And they had been listening to, gloating over, malicious scandal about a corpse! Dead!

“*Pauvre Fidele!*” muttered Goveneur.

“Fidele!” cried Rachel, excitedly.

“Yes,” said Goveneur. “Poor fellow! he is completely stunned by the blow.”

“But was Lisa the heroine of St. Clement's—the girl who burned the Pantouflette's property?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Sparkler. “She was incurably injured by breathing the smoke into her lungs as she stood above the hole in the roof. Poisoned!”

#### CHAPTER IX.

“Times go by turns, and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not *ever* flow,

She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;

Her tides have equal times to come and go,

Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;

No joy so great but runneth to an end,

No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

ON a bright February day, whose hot sun painted blue-black shadows of swelling fruit-buds on the glistening snow, Grandmother Jeffers locked her house door and went away. And that house can never be unlocked again, for the key is lost. Grandmother Jeffers stepped into a boat and sailed swiftly down a river.

It was not Quarly River. People have sailed down Quarly River and never returned again. People have sunk beneath the waters of Quarly River and never rose from thence. Quarly River is one to be feared, and never trusted—it is a River of Death. But the river on whose waves Grandma Jeffers was borne away is the River of Life Eternal.

Rachel did not come down from Boston to attend

grandmother's funeral. The neighbors said: “Yes, it is not worth her while to get leave of absence from her place, when she will so soon have to ask it again to come down to her sister's wedding, you know.”

Mellicent was to be married in early May. Yet, a full month before Milly's wedding-day, and scarcely four weeks from grandmother's home-bringing (her bringing to that home where husband and children gathered with angelic welcomes), Rachel returned to Bittibat. She came, she stayed, and she brought “a whole trunkful of silks, and shawls, and laces, and ribbons, such as she never could have come honestly by, any way one could look at it.” This is shocking, but it is true!

Nor did Rachel give any sort of an explanation of this very unaccountable proceeding. She said: “I had got tired of the place, and thought I would rest awhile.”

Indeed! She said that, and went singing about the house with a step as light as her reason. She tired! She came home to rest! Humph! The weariness must be entirely of mind, not of body!

Goveneur Sparkler was sitting at a round stand in a windowed embrasure at Mrs. Leroy's. An open box, partially filled with minerals, was on the floor by his side, and half its contents on the table before him.

Utterly absorbed in his work of labeling them, he did not hear the opening and shutting of a door, a drawing of chairs around the lighted hearth, nor the ensuing conversation, until something, some inner consciousness hitherto unheeded, told him that people on the other side the curtain were canvassing himself and his peculiarities. He remembered, without being aware that he had heard her, that his sister-in-law was lamenting his aversion to matrimony. But the voice which arrested Goveneur's attention was Rachel Throgmorton's; the words which first entered consciously into his brain were: “Oh, I have often thought this myself. When we see so many men who are utterly unfit to fill the stations of husband and father married, it seems almost wicked for so good a man to live a bachelor.”

Mrs. Leroy laughed. “You have a very exalted opinion of him, Miss Rachel; perhaps closer acquaintance might lower him in your esteem.”

“I know that he is *good*,” replied Rachel, stoutly. “And I know that the better acquainted I am with him, the better man I find him to be.”

“Ah, Miss Rachel,” said the sister-in-law, “what a pity it is that Goveneur does not know the high opinion you have of him!”

“He does, I guess,” replied Rachel, with the utmost *sang froid*. “I never took any particular pains to conceal it.”

Never did maiden in love make such a confes-

sion as that! Mrs. Leroy was silent through vexation, and the delighted eaves-dropper felt the flames of his newly-kindled hope smothered in a very wet blanket.

But Rachel, quite unaware of the snare into which she was walking, continued: "I learned to admire him at the academy. Being an unusually quick scholar, I was entered a year under the regular age, and was by more than that the youngest girl in school—a poor, little, shy thing, who could scarcely be looked at without crying. And he was the eldest boy—I thought him a man grown. And he was so kind, so chivalrous! I don't know how I should have got through my first term but for his generous championship! He always chose me out above all the girls in school. There are not many young men would have done that—chosen, so frankly, the littlest girl in school." And then Rachel related meagre anecdotes of times long past, incidents forgotten by the hero of them, but living greenly, with all the added bloom of departed blessings, in the memory of his little lady-love. "But he went to college, and I to boarding-school, and then everything changed," concluded Rachel, with a sigh so profound that the heavy curtains seemed stirred with her breath.

For a long time the tempest in Goveneur's soul shut out all sound of human speech, and when he was at last calmed, he found, from the silence of the room, that it was empty. His first impulse was to rush out of the house and start for Australia. But a restraining thought held this mad idea in abeyance. He very probably could not leave the house while Rachel was in it, without being seen by her. Appalling thought! And that she was still there, he knew. So presently he grew quite calm, and turned toward his work. But before he could concentrate his hazy vision on a single stone, the heavy curtain swayed, the brass rings rattled, and—there stood Rachel!

He got upon his feet, and retreated as far as possible, which was not very far. Rachel did not retreat. And which one blushed the fiercest, "I'm sure I can't decide." But presently Rachel began laughing. (This was always her emotional safety-valve.)

"Were you in here all the time, hearing all those nice things I said about you?"

He could not speak. (If Rachel's feelings had been stirred like his, she could not have spoken, either.)

"Well, you have proved that listeners do sometimes hear some good of themselves, have you not?"

Her cheeks were like Boursault roses newly blown, but her laugh was most provokingly unembarrassed. She laughed as though she would never cease. And so full of *ticke* was the rippling torrent, that Goveneur himself would have floated away with it, only for the heavy pain her non-

*chalance* gave him. (Had Rachel been so mad with longing, she could not have laughed.)

And then she picked up a stone. "Is this an agate? How fine!"

Goveneur started suddenly forward. (If Rachel could not tell one rock from another, it was something other than love which had blinded her eyes.)

"That is a sardonyx, Miss—Throg—m'n."

"How elegant! Where did it come from?"

Goveneur reached out to take the stone, to turn it, and look for the gummed-on number. He took the stone. He touched her little finger. And then—and then—

He did not look for the number, he looked at Rachel instead. She stood very still, her trembling mouth tightly compressed (what a delicious mouth it was!) her eyes down-dropped upon her folded hands. The hand whose little finger he had touched lay uppermost. And she was just as pink all through as though she were filled with currant jelly.

Goveneur looked at her awhile, and then—he kissed her, and then—

#### CHAPTER X.

"If thy brother shall trespass, \* \* \* go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."—ST. MATTHEW.

IN just one month to a day—for Milly's nuptials had been delayed a little—wedding-cards were issued. "Melicent Lydia Throgmorton and Mark Treadwell Bogardas." Everybody had been expecting that for six months. "Rachel MacCallum More Throgmorton and Goveneur Sparkler." That took the whole town by surprise.

The mystery about Rachel's sudden return from town had, as it seemed, been fully and satisfactorily explained to the rest of Quarly, but not to the Sparklers. Nor has it to you and I, reader; we are just as much in the dark as ever over our Challie's motives. Why, pray, should she have left so suddenly a place where, she was getting a good salary, and return to poverty and anxious seeking for a situation—and that whole baggage-car full of silks, and satins, and velvets, and shawls, and laces, enough to furnish a house, as Colonel Sebastian said? Really, we can make nothing of it! And I shall never cease to admire the magnanimous conduct of Goveneur Sparkler in taking to wife a girl with such grave suspicions resting on her head.

Did her folks know all about it? Her folks at Bittibat? Yes. They knew all that the town's folk did not, and nothing that they did. Aunt Rachel, as you all know by this time, was remarkably secretive, quite as much so as the Sparklers, whom she condemned, and, had she occupied as prominent a position, would have been as much

talked about; but you remember what the poet says:

"Gnats are unnoticed wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon with every eye."

In fact, no one ever thinks of a gnat except the one he bites. Aunt Rachel had, in this case, only bitten her namesake in private. The blood-letting was somewhat irritating, but it did the patient good. Rachel wished heartily that her aunt had said as much before.

Her other folks, who lived across the river, they knew nothing of Rachel's side to this story, only the neighbors' side; and she was angry, was poor Rachel—not knowing what a blessing the evil tongues had wrought her, that they should dare to breathe such things against one whom Goveneur Sparkler had honored with his love, and so had proclaimed as worthiest among women.

The Sparklers were all together in Mrs. Leroy's pleasant library, with the heavy curtains drawn from that embrasured window, beyond which a silver-scimitar moon gathered sheaves of faint gold in the pale sunset sky. Rachel was there, too, and she was asking what they had heard of the rumors touching her; and they, one and all, said they had heard nothing.

"Then you must have very poor ears," laughed Rachel.

"Poor ears and a worse understanding," said Goveneur.

"You are very kind," said Rachel; "but it really looked odd, and I must explain."

"Not if you do not want the matter known," said Mrs. Sparkler. "We will take everything on trust."

"But I don't want this taken on trust," persisted Rachel. "Why, I would willingly have told all about it if any one had come to me and asked. I would not on any account have been the object of so much surmise and suspicion, but would have been very thankful to any one who had come to me frankly, and told me all about it."

Yet even then Rachel paused. It was so hard for her to tell of another's misdeeds.

"You see, Djimm, Kracks & Shaw, the firm I was with," she said, hesitatingly, at last; "were receivers of smuggled goods. Their smuggler was a French captain, so when they got into a quarrel about his wages, I was called in as interpreter. They took it quite as a matter of business, and appeared not to think I should be shocked, but I was. It was not my place to make remarks, I had only to do the interpreting; it hurt me! I am sure I showed it in my face, for afterward they offered me a far greater bribe than the other clerks. You see it was a blackmailing affair. The Frenchman wanted to extort a certain sum from them under fear of exposure. It was enormous; they would not pay it, but bade him do his worst. You see the Frenchman had a good

many firms in his clutch, and he began informing on them all; but began with the small ones, hoping to frighten the large firms into paying the amount demanded of them. One day the head clerks and myself were taken into the private room, and they set wine on the table, and began making us presents. Mr. Djimm gave me a bolt of real lace; oh, just beautiful! You will see some of it on my wedding-dress," she added, blushing shyly.

Goveneur looked amazed at this confession of depravity in his bride elect, and she enjoyed it secretly, as she demurely continued: "Mr. Kracks gave me a piece of pearl-colored silk, and Mr. Shaw threw over my shoulders the loveliest snow-white and moonlight silk shawl! And, oh! I do love a handsome shawl! But I knew something wrong was coming, so I folded up the things and put them on the lounge, and said: 'No, I thank you, I never take wine,' and sat down, looking as awful and threatening as Mt. Vesuvius, I've no doubt. But they went straight ahead and told their business without making any ado about it. They were expecting to have their transactions with the smugglers investigated, and we were to say thus and so if put on the witness stand. The clerks laughed and drank, and began fixing up their stories among themselves, but I said: 'I hope you will excuse me, gentlemen, from taking any part in this affair. I could not perjure myself, even to save an honest firm, and I am sure I cannot to shield.' I did not say *thieves*—I stopped just in time. I would not insult those gray-haired men by such an epithet; but when they began remonstrating with me, I said, plainly: 'Pardon me, I have always been taught that thievery is stealing and a falsehood is a lie!' Then old Mr. Djimm said: 'Miss Throgmorton, our honor is in your hands!' 'Indeed it is not, sir,' said I. 'If your honor had ever been in my hands it would not be in the precarious position it is now. Your honor is in your own hands, gentlemen; pray do the best you can by it, poor thing! But,' said I; 'I do not want to injure you, unnecessarily, and so, as I must inevitably give in very damaging testimony if I stay here, I think I had best give up my situation. I know more than the others, you are aware.'

"Well, they were truly sorry to have me go, but as they saw no other way of getting out of the difficulty they let me. They sent me my whole month's pay next morning, and the shawl, and lace, and silk, with a very kind note, asking me to accept them as a token of their esteem for my integrity, etc. There is the note," and she handed it to Goveneur.

"I could not help feeling," continued Rachel, "that the gift was a sort of bribe, still; as if I were one to *blab*, where it would be of no use! But it did not seem exactly Christian to return it,

especially when I remembered that Milly had no wedding silk; and there was enough in the piece to make a dress for both her and mother. And I did want that shawl so much! As it has turned out, it would have been better had I returned them."

"As it has turned out," said Goveneur, "it was best for you to keep them."

"Thank you," said Rachel, though she wondered what he meant. "Well, I did keep them; but sent a note of thanks in which I said that were I summoned by any court of justice I should, most assuredly, tell all I knew about their affair with that Frenchman and their attempt at bribing me, but that as to reporting the facts to indifferent people and blackening their names to village gossip, I should never do anything of the kind. And so—I have not."

And so Rachel had finished.

And, I apprehend that my story is finished also. There is nothing more to add, save that Leonie had two sisters married before Moppet had even one engaged to be.

THE END.

### A DOCTOR'S MISTAKE.

DOCTORS are by no means infallible, and sometimes make very serious mistakes. In the "Book of Blunders" there is a curious story told, quoted from Cooke's "Seven Narcotics," of a young Spanish doctor who went from Madrid to the Philippine Islands some years since with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he landed, the doctor sallied forth for a walk on the *paseo*. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head toward the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood. Alarmed on the girl's account, the doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could overtake her, the girl had reached her home, a humble cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live. The distracted parents having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padre* was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the pases of purgatory. The doctor tried his skill to the utmost, but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead. As up

to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and very soon the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune.

In the midst of all this, somebody one day had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before.

"Predict it!" replied the doctor; "why sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times."

"Blood! But how did you know it was blood?"

"How! What else could it be?"

"But every one spits red in Manilla."

The doctor, who had in the meantime observed this fact, and was laboring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread through the city, and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood was nothing else than the red juice of the *bufo*, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction.

The doctor's patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, the doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return with all speed to Spain.

THE SENSATION OF HEAT AND COLD.—The sensation of heat and cold by the human subject does not depend entirely on the physical temperature of the air, but on that combined with its degree of humidity and the rapidity with which evaporation is taking place from the surface of the body, which is influenced by both moisture in the air and the rapidity of its movement in the form of wind. It is well known that, with the thermometer standing at zero (Fabr.), a person may stand in a still air without feeling as cold as he would feel if he were exposed to the wind with the thermometer at thirty degrees; the reason of this is that the amount of sensible warmth is determined by the degree of rapidity with which heat is transferred from the skin to the surrounding air. In still air there are formed around the body layers of warm air which protect it from the chilling influence of the colder air beyond; when, however, the air is in motion, these layers of warm air are removed as fast as they are formed, cold air supplying their place; the body therefore has a far greater demand upon it for heat than before, and a feeling of cold is the result. The thermometer is but a very poor indicator as to whether on a certain day extra clothing is advisable or not.

## THE ANNALS OF A BABY.\*

## I.

## BABY'S FIRST GIFTS.

ONCE upon a time a Baby was born in a happy home, where the Father and Mother were young, and where there were no other children. It was a soft, pink little thing, with just dark, downy rings for hair, and a sound like a bird's chirrup for its first weak human cry. There was great joy in the house about it; every one who saw it said there never was such a baby before, and never could be such another. Its Mother had held it a moment on her arm, looking at it in a wonder that it could be really hers, and with a gush of strange love that stirred great shining tears into her eyes, which would have fallen on the Baby, only the Fat Nurse with the frilled cap snatched it away and told her "it was unlucky to cry over a new-born child." The Father had stolen into the room on tiptoe, kissed his pale girl-wife with a deeper tenderness than he had ever yet felt, had awkwardly held the tiny, warm roll in his strong hands as if it was glass that he was afraid of breaking, and then been sent away like a victim into outer regions. The Grandfathers had come, leaning on their gold-headed canes. They smiled at each other, and shook hands across the narrow white crib; and as they joked over the Baby there was a faint sigh smothered down by each at their own gray hairs, and a little sadness they did not show as they thought of the trials of life that surely lay before that untried soul. The Grandmothers, in their black silk dresses, and with nice rosy faces, had smoothed it, and patted it, and half cried over it, talking all the while about the births of their own babies that were grown up men and women now, and feeling as if this Baby was a born princess and they both queen-dowagers. And all the Young Aunties, with their gay floating ribbons and fancy aprons, had fluttered in groups around the sleeping stranger, had held up their dimpled hands in delight, and kissed it softly in subdued ecstasies; called it "a rosebud," "a seraph," and many other endearing titles; quarreled who should take it first and hold it longest, until they also had been cleared out, like other victims, by the fat old woman with the frilled cap, who seemed to consider the baby as her own special possession. The youngest of the Aunties said she was "a bear"—behind her back, however; and the oldest of the Young Aunties held her head up very high, and wondered "who the darling would be named after."

Every one who came brought the Baby a present, until there never was a baby who had so many and such different gifts. Its own crib, its mother's bed, and its pretty dressing-basket were piled full of them; and the Baby lay in the midst on its snowy pillow, quite careless of all these tokens of affection and admiration; able, in fact, to do nothing but rest after the weariness of being born into the world. There were all sorts of rattles and whistles, and India-rubber balls covered with net, a big doll twice as large as Baby's self, with a satin dress and movable eyes, and a blue pincushion with "Baby" spelt on it in bright, fresh pins intended for Baby's future torture. There were also daintily-embroidered slips worked

by the Aunties, finely-wrought flannels that had tried aged spectacles, silver spoons and forks to feed the pouting mouth still sucking in sleep, and a gold cross and chain that was laid upon the small breast which had scarcely yet learned to heave with breath. Every one that brought a gift brought also good wishes, and bright hopes, and tender prayers for the innocent little life. Only one Poor Relation brought all these without anything else; for she was one of those who are rich only in love, and have nothing to spare from the hard-earned daily bread that fed the hungry. She was not gay and young like the Aunties; care and trials had taken away her youth and gayety; but her heart yearned over the Baby perhaps more earnestly than theirs. She was sorry she could not bring something to the child of more value than costly toys or dresses—some gift that should be a talisman against pain and evil, something a soul might prize through all eternity. She wished she could summon the fairies, as done in olden times, to bestow gifts on the children of kings and queens; only she shuddered when she remembered that with the rest came always a malignant hag who vented her spite in a curse that counteracted all the good offerings of the others. Nevertheless, when she had kissed the Baby "good-bye," and murmured a short prayer over it, she wended her way homeward with her head full of this same fancy, for the Poor Relation had a poet's heart, though she had never found time from work to sing a poet's songs, and she had secretly kept green there many a faith of her childhood. She could not help thinking, as she walked slowly over the fields, that if she could only find a five-leaved clover, and hold it in her hand in the open air at midnight, perhaps she would see the Fairy Court, and could ask the queen to shed her bounty on the dear infant. She stepped carefully over the grass, so as not to tread on the daisies—for she was almost as fond of flowers as of babies—and looked for the clover, though she smiled at herself for pretending to believe there were such mysterious creatures as fairies any more in this changed every-day world. She recollected how often she hunted for a five-leaved clover when she was a little girl, all over these same meadows, down by the brook-side, and out in the still, solemn woods, and never had found one; and she remembered also how many times she had been told there was no such growth in nature. After awhile, with a sad sigh, she gave up looking for it, and wished she was a child again, with nothing to do but wander under the trees, and run races with the sparkling rills. The sky was all crimson and gold with the sunset, and as she raised her head to gaze at the tinted clouds, she stumbled over a stone hidden in the grass; as she glanced down again, lo! before her she suddenly beheld the object of her search, a very and true clover with five leaves, just nestling under the shadow of a full-spread buttercup. She could scarcely believe her eyes, and almost trembled with a sort of awe as she broke it from its slender stalk, and then she was as glad as if she had really been only a child; she laughed over it, and talked to herself about what it should reveal to her, till pleasure brought a flush to her worn cheeks that made her look quite young and pretty, just as she did when she thought she should, perhaps, some day have babies of her own to love.

That night, before the clock struck twelve, when

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her Aged Father, and Mother, and her Crippled Sister were fast asleep, she slipped noiselessly down the stairs and out on the open porch of her humble home, where the moonlight was shining through the vines. She told herself that, at her age, it was silly to be playing such foolish pranks; but she held the five-leaved clover tight in her hand, and stood under the arch of boughs, looking out on the narrow lawn dotted with bushes, and waiting for midnight. Just at the first stroke of the solemn bell that always tolled the hours, a slight breeze stirred all the leaves around her, and a sort of gentle rustling floated on the quiet air; on the third stroke all the flowers on the vines seemed to expand into full bloom, and turned slowly toward the lawn; at the fifth, innumerable fireflies gathered on that one spot; at the seventh, the dew-drops appeared to grow hard and glitter with brilliant rays like diamonds; at the ninth, the roses shed floods of perfume, and the jessamine stars fairly distilled a precious odor; at the eleventh stroke a slender, white circle glistened in front of her as if the blades of grass had been bent and strung with Oriental pearls; and at the twelfth, there, suddenly before her, was the fairy court. The fairies were all dressed in green, so that, if it had not been for their bright little faces, she might not have thought them fairies at all, but only leaves on the bushes. Titania was throned on a white rose just a petal or two higher than Puck, who was making faces at the train-bearers of her majesty as they stood just behind her; the rest were seated on the dew-drops, perched among the blossoms, or balancing on feathery sprays. Titania alone seemed to be arrayed in a silvery mist, with a crown of many-colored jewels on her head, each so small as to be only a spark, and with the breast-plume of a humming-bird in her hand for a sceptre. When she spoke, her voice was low, soft and clear, like the singing of a far-off lark; the men fairies all pulled off their caps, and Puck stopped plugging the pages, and turned his twinkling eyes upon her face as he listened.

"In the name of the five-leaved clover," she said, "the fairy Court has been summoned. The fairies can refuse nothing to the holder of this charm; make thy request of Titania."

The Poor Relation answered like one in a dream: "Gifts for a Baby, O Queen!"

The fairy swayed forward a little, and asked with tender interest: "Is it a Baby-boy or a Baby-girl?" And when she heard the echo, "A girl!" a sadness passed like a fleeting shadow over the brightness of her face, which, being noticed by Puck, he gave out a mocking laugh, like the whistle of an insect. But the queen waved her sceptre for silence, and a sort of sorrowing expression fell upon the countenances of all, even upon the brow of her sportive husband, while she spoke: "Many years ago we could have brought this Baby rare offerings, that would have made all the world know that she had fairies for godmothers; but, with the belief of men in our power, much of our power is gone; the gnomes and the elves have all died, so we have no more tribute from the earth and the mines; your electricity has desolated the water-kingdom of the sylphs, and we receive no longer the treasures of the seas; the salamanders are bound in their summer sleep, and the fickle sprites of air are not now in league with us."

Here the queen paled, and Puck swore a round oath, drawing his tiny sword, as a rough gale shook the flower on which they sat.

"But still," she resumed as the breeze passed, beaming at the Poor Relation like a star emerging from a cloud, "still, for those who come to us in faith the fairies have some gifts to render yet. There are not many of us left, and our rich jewels have been stolen from us one by one. It has been long since we have been called upon to bless a cradle, but this Baby shall have all the fairy store of presents. Offer first, O Puck, my lord the king!"

"Ho, ho!" said the merry monarch, nodding joyously to the Poor Relation, "I give the Baby something better than gems—a light heart and a free wit!"

"And I," said another, in answer to the queen, "I bestow a winning smile."

"And I a rose-hue on the cheeks."

"And I a soft hand in sickness, and a strong one to protect the weak."

Thus, one after another, the fairies chirped out their many gifts, till grace, modesty, tenderness, talent and countless outward beauties had been showered on the unconscious Baby. The Poor Relation's heart was all in a glow and her eyes full of thankful drops to think what favor she had won for the child, when she had not been able to give it a rattle or a doll; and she was especially glad that all the bad fairies of old stories had seemed to have died out, since not one evil wish was expressed. But suddenly the five-leaved clover trembled in her hand, and through the tear on her lashes she saw Titania standing upon it in all her misty and jeweled glory. The queen pointed to two flowers lying out on the ground—one a deep, full rose, red as a man's blood, and the other a pallid lily, shining like a silver chalice in the rays of the moon.

"Here," said she, "is my gift; the rose is Life, the lily is Death; choose which shall be placed in the Baby's hand, for either is a priceless boon."

While she yet spoke a cloud passed over the moon, and when the light shone out again the fairy court had vanished, and the Poor Relation found herself alone, the five-leaved clover withered in her hand, and at her feet the Rose of Life and the Lilv of Death.

All the rest of the night she could not sleep for weighing in her mind which of the fairy's gifts she should place in the Baby's hand, for she desired to do only that which she thought would be most likely to secure the child's true good. Life, with all the fairies had bestowed, might be beautiful and brilliant, but none of them had given a talisman to shield from sorrow. She thought of her own sad years, and how often she had wished she had died when she was a baby, and so escaped the sin and trouble of existence. She thought, if the Baby died now, innocent and pure, it would go straight to Heaven, and be a bright angel among God's cherubs, never to know the want and care, and pain of humanity.

But then this Baby had so much to live for—hope and friends, fame and fortune, and perhaps, who could tell? even happiness, for all hearts did not always suffer. So she could not decide; and when she arose she asked her white-haired old father as he sat in the sun on the porch: "Which

would be the best gift for a new-born babe, life or death?"

He looked curiously at her with his dim eyes, and answered: "It is a hard question, for life is full of snares and evil, and when the babe has lived as long as I have it will know that all the hopes of life are not so sweet as the hope of death's long rest!"

And she asked the wrinkled mother who sat beside him, clinking the shining needles through the snowy wool; and the withered hands stopped their busy knitting for an instant as she said: "Life is labor, but in the world after death we will neither toil nor spin!"

So she said to herself: "The old, for whom time is over, believe that death is a greater blessing than life. The old are wise; but they are also weary. Let me ask the young."

So she went into the house where the Crippled Sister was propped up on a couch by the window, weaving arabesque figures into a fine linen garment that swept down over her like a shroud; and she asked her also: "Sister, which would be the best gift for a new-born babe, life or death?"

"Oh, life! life, of course!"

"But, Sister, there is so much pain in life—you and I know that!"

"Yes," replied the cripple, thoughtfully; "but there is the air, the sun and the flowers; the blue sky and the stars; the thought of God and the joy of being!"

Then the Poor Relation smoothed the pillows behind her sister's crooked back, and went forth, saying softly: "Life is always hope to the warm blood of youth, for youth is not yet tired of woe and work." Then she concluded that the Baby should choose for itself; she would hold the two flowers over it while asleep, and whichever one its eyes turned upon when they first opened she would know was its destined fate. As she walked back over the field, where she had found the five-leaved clover the day before, the birds sang, the daisies nodded in the breeze, the lowing of kine reached her ears, and on the side of the purple hills a little way off she saw a bright stream leaping and flashing in the morning light. All things spoke of life, and that life was pleasant and fair. But as she went on farther she came to the still Churchyard, and looked in at the open gate. There lay the green graves with their white stones at the head and foot; the weeping willows drooping their graceful branches over the forgotten names; and all seemed so calm and holy, as if the sleepers there had folded their hands and lain down with the hush of prayer in their hearts; so that if life looked fair, death at least was peace. Still she mused, as she kept on her way, till she entered the quiet chamber where Baby slumbered in its warm nest. The room was darkened, for the pale Young Mother was asleep also; and the Fat Nurse was down-stairs in the kitchen, making her face redder than ever under her frilled cap as she stirred a saucepan over the hot fire, keeping her dignity while the cross cook fidgeted with the tongs. The Poor Relation leaned over the crib, holding in either hand the Rose of Life and the Lily of Death, and waiting for the Baby to open its eyes upon destiny. The tiny creature did not stir, but slept on till she began to tremble at the power she held, and to think she would carry both the flowers away and bury them in the garden at home. Then

she feared the fairy might be angry, and send something worse than life or death upon the child as a punishment for the neglect of her gifts. Suddenly she bethought herself of the five-leaved clover, which she had hidden in her bosom; so she passed the two blossoms into one hand as she drew forth the faded charm, scarcely believing that the fairies could appear by day, or that the shriveled plant kept its potency as a spell. But as she held it up Titania appeared, alone and mistier than ever, perched among the airy lace-curtains on the foot-board of Baby's bed.

"O Queen!" she cried, "bestow thine own gifts! A mortal has not wisdom enough to decide a human fate!"

The queen smiled on her, and her crown of minute gems sparkled more brightly, as she said: "Didst thou not know that to find a five-leaved clover and to talk with fairies was to mark thee for trial of soul? Dost hesitate between my gifts, because sorrow comes into all life? Sorrow is life's discipline—an angel that leads immortals to loftier grace, and they stand higher in the next world who have suffered in this than they who have died unpaired. Give this Baby life, for we, the fairies, have given her gifts that shall make her a glory on earth, and her life shall be an example. But because we dare to yield naught that can ward off sorrow, I, Titania, will bestow upon her that which will make sorrow sweet, and stay with her as a joy stronger than despair, and a light in every darkness. She shall have Love—love from her birth and beyond her tomb; for Life with Love is richer than Death and Peace!"

And the fairy touched the lily with her sceptre, and she and it vanished away.

When the Young Mother woke she marveled much to see a beautiful crimson rose lying in the Baby's hand. The Baby, too, awoke, and looked at it, and smiled at the strange plaything. And because it was the first flower her child ever saw, because it came there in so wonderful a way, for even the Fat Nurse knew not who brought it, the Mother took it and pressed it in her Bible. And long after, when the Baby had grown up to be a lovely and noble maiden, worshiped and loved, humble and pure, and a blessing to the Poor Relation, she found it there, the mystic Rose of Life among the words of Christ.

## II.

### NAMING THE BABY.

THE young Aunties had said it was a "rose-bud;" and when it woke from its noontday nap in its little white crib, it was a very blooming little bud indeed; its round, dimpled face was pink with the warm flush of sleep; its tiny lips, that had been softly sucking in a dream, were dewy and red as two unfolding leaves; its small, doubled fists, that it looked at so curiously with its wide, blue eyes, were tinted in the tender palms like the satiny inside petals of a flower; and the wee balls of feet, that had kicked themselves out of their pretty socks, had such rosy soles, and such mites of cunning, pink toes that the delighted Aunties might have thought each one was verily a sweet and separate blossom.

And it lay on its downy bed, just like a bird in its nest, and cooed at its funny dots of hands, till the young Father and Mother, who had been

sitting very quietly while Baby slept, hardly venturing to speak above a whisper for fear of stirring that sacred slumber, smiled at each other as they listened to that little chirp, and went side by side and leaned together over their treasure—God's crowning gift to holy human love.

They looked down on Baby with such shining faces that Baby left off studying its fingers, and looked up at them, with its bright bit of dawning laugh, that made the admiring Mother lift it in her loving arms for the happy Father to kiss its damask cheek. And then they sat down to watch and wonder at the growing meaning in its ways; and while, with a solemn tenderness, they talked of what might be in the dim far-off of Baby's future years, there came a peculiar knock at the chamber door, vigorous and muffled, as if given by strong knuckles well-cased in folded flesh; and directly there entered in, puffing and beaming, the Fat Nurse in whose ample lap Baby had received its first notions of active life, when habitual trotting churned its daily bread into buttermilk. Instead of the frilled caps that had nodded over Baby's naps, she wore a large black bonnet like a bombazine coal-scuttle, with an expansive bow tied just in the crease of her double chin, and carried in one hand a swelling basket whose lid was intricately fastened with a green ribbon, and in the other a bulging cotton umbrella, stout in the stick and faded in the stuff. She announced that having just finished up one engagement, and being on her way to another, she had dropped in to see how her former patients were getting along; and then, carefully depositing basket and umbrella upon a chair, she loosened the bonnet bow, flung the flowing strings over her broad shoulders, and took the Baby right into her pillowy arms, as if, while she was about, its place was only there. The Mother saw that she looked at the infant with critical eyes, and anxiously awaited her first remark. Gradually the long embroidered robe began to wave up and down as the two cushioned knees fell into their usual motion, and Baby's dinner kept time to the rolling, mellow voice.

"It's a growin' fust rate, mum; it's as fine a child as I've seed since I went a-nussin'; my babies mostly is good specimens; it ain't got no marks nor distorts, and no rashes nor chafes. You've did better than most beginners with the fust; it's pooty well over the colic time, and ain't got a croupy neck, so I reckon it'll get on now all right."

The fair little Mother sparkled all over at the praise of Experience.

"Now mum," Nurse continued, glaring benignly at the white robe that heaved up and down upon her spacious lap, "you haven't told me the young un's name?"

"O Nurse," was the reply, "it's only 'Baby' yet; we have hardly thought of any other name!"

"Well, now, that's uncommon," rejoined the Nurse, in a meditative tone. "If it was the last of a beggar's dozen, I could understand that you might have run out of names; but mostly there's one cut and dried for the fust afore it's born, and it pops into the world and its name both at once."

"Yes," answered the Mother, "it is generally so; but there are so many to name our Baby after that it is hard to decide; we cannot name it for one of the Grandmothers without hurting the feelings of the other; and if we were to call it after

any of the Aunties, all the rest would think they were each neglected; and I do not wish it christened after me because it would seem so selfish, and there are so many pretty names that we never know which to choose."

Nurse slowly laid again behind her broad back the bonnet ribbon that had dangled forward by degrees, and nodded assentingly to these confidential remarks.

"It's curious about names," she said. "I've been a-noticin' all my life that people grow like their names; Johns and Jameses ain't near so like to go to the bad as your Howards and Augustuses; for, you see, fine names sort o' give young uns hifalutin' notions. Many a one I've seen unsettled, tryin' to match his doin's to a big-soundin' name, that might have turned out a sober chap enough if them he belonged to had had sense to call him after some of the plain old Bible folk. Now there's me! You'd never guess what a name I've got; it was a sore point to me many a long year before I plucked up courage to put it down. My mother had been a-readin' some trash or other of a novel just afore I was born, and nothin' must do but I must be named after the young woman it was all about. So when daddy came into the room to see her and me, just as soon as she could gasp she ups and says: 'It's to be Sophronisber, Bill; I've settled it so in my own mind.' The old man like to have gone off. 'Don't you think Susan would suit us better?' says he. 'Susan!' says she, a-turnin' up her nose; 'I ain't a-goin' to have a child of mine called Susan!' And I don't think I can stand one of mine named Sofynisby! Lord, what a name!" says he. And so they banded the two names, until mother she was a-gettin' excited and the old man mad; and Mrs. Jane Spotts, who was a-nussin' of her, she just took him by the collar and pulled him out of the room. But the long and the short of it is, he wouldn't give in, and neither would she, and so they tacked the two together, and there I was, Sophronisber Susan Boggers! And such a time as I had with that name! When I got big enough, the older children they all made fun of it, and plagued me half to death about it; and mother, she never called me nothin' but full Sophronisber; and dad, he never called me nothin' but Sukey, and it was 'Phrony,' and 'Sophy,' and 'Nis,' and 'Sue,' till I had as many names as a cat has lives. And after I grew up it got worse, till I was 'shamed as could be of the horrid sound, and ready to cuss my sponsors in baptism; the young fellows they sniggered over it, and the gals they just pertended they couldn't say it, it was so long, and used to ask me to spell it for 'em, till I got so touchy over it it was a-spilin' my temper, 'cause I wasn't born a vixen at all. But howbever, when Cuddle came along, and him and me was to make a match, says he, 'I don't like your name of Sophronisber!' 'No more do I,' says I. 'Let's drop it, then,' says he. 'Agreed,' says I. So we got the parson to say, 'Susan, will you take this man?' and made him leave out the Sophronisber, and Mrs. Susan Cuddle I have been ever since. And so I never advise nobody to stick a name to a child that'll be a thorn in their side, when more like most of 'em will have to be about homely things than livin' like grand folks in a play. How would it sound for me to be goin' out a-nussin' and bein' called 'Mrs. Sophronisber Cuddle?' You ladies would

think I was too fine to know my bizness. No indeed! Plain Susan for me, I say!"

Mrs. Cuddle's garrulous recital might have run on interminably to such polite listeners; but while they were laughing over it, the door opened, and in walked quite a family procession, bearing cautiously in their midst a snowy box bound and tied up with bright and dainty ribbons. There were the Grandfathers leaning sturdily on their gold-headed canes; and the Grandmothers in their shining black silk with their good-natured faces just tipped to ruddiness by the outside air; and the Young Aunties, a whole troop of them, fresh and gushing and gay; and the Poor Relation, clad in quiet dress, with the spiritual beauty of an unselfish life written on her countenance. And, the blithe and jubilant greetings all over, the Grandmothers laid the box upon the bed, and with deft fingers undid the fastenings and removed the lid, and lo! before all the sparkling and admiring eyes, the wonderfully worked and delicate, long christening robe! And because all those who came with it had had some share in it, they had made up this party to bring it all together to the only Baby in the family on whom they all already doted. One Grandfather had given the material; and the other, who was something of an artist, in his leisure hours had drawn the design, with quite a pride in its leaves and flowers as they grew and entwined beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles; and one Grandmother had made it up, and the other had set in the lace-like wheels of some fine old-fashioned stitch that had been familiar in the far-off days of her girlhood; and the Young Aunties had each embroidered buds and sprays, roses and scrolls, with much comparing of work, and chatting over the "Angel" who was to wear it; while the Poor Relation had aided her Crippled Sister to finish it off with all those parts which had required unwearied patience and a steady hand. As it lay there before them, beautiful in feminine sight, a dumb, exquisite thing of cambric and thread, it seemed almost hallowed to the Mother's heart by reason of the richness of love that had made it, and spoke to her, like a voice, of the tenderness with which old and young had wrought out their thought for her little one; tears filled her soft eyes; she reverently lifted the little dress and kissed it. "O Baby!" she cried, with a sweet quiver in her tones, holding it up before the unconscious optics that were engaged in watching the bobbing up and down of its other sweeping garments which the Fat Nurse still monotonously kept going, "look what they have done for you! All of them, my darling, all of them!" And then she laid the snowy robe carefully back on the bed, and catching one head after another in her embracing arms, caressed and thanked them, half-laughing and half-crying. All talked at once, till an excited Grandfather rapped upon the floor with his gold-headed cane, producing a moment's lull, of which he availed himself to speak.

"Here," said he, "is the christening frock; but we have not heard yet what is the Baby's name?"

And the Young Mother was again obliged to make humiliating confession that Baby was still a nameless waif; whereupon arose once more a chorus of voices, exclaiming and suggesting, until the other Grandfather also called the meeting to order, and there was a general subsidence into a

semicircle of chairs to debate the important question. The Young Mother took her Baby in her own arms, and sat upon the low seat in their midst, and the Father stood half behind her, looking down upon the two who were dearer to him than all the rest of the world, and it was the old, old picture of the Holy Family—the picture that stirred the hearts of dead and famous painters, till the most beautiful thing that art and religion and human spirits knew was this familiar vision of the mother and child; for whether it be Mary and the infant Christ, or whether it be a modern mother and her baby, it is the highest, and purest, and loveliest picture that shines upon the dark backgrounds of life, and is seen in homes all over the earth—the rich man's palace and the poor man's hut.

"Now, then," remarked Grandfather No. One, "the matter under discussion is, 'What is to be the Baby's name?'"

"It appears to me," said Grandfather No. Two, "that this is not our business at all; it belongs to them," and he pointed with his cane to the Young Father and Mother.

"Well, now," chirruped Grandmother No. One, "it will be pleasant to talk it over, and if they have not made a choice, perhaps we can help them to something that will suit."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Grandmother No. Two, "it is a girl; and if a girl is pretty and nice, as our Baby is sure to be, it doesn't matter much what her name is."

"Oh, don't it?" interposed the Fat Nurse, *sotto voce*, and the young couple smiled at the recollection of Mrs. Cuddle's early woes with her romantic cognomen.

"Call it after Sis," hypocritically observed one Young Auntie, indicating another Young Auntie with a slight flirt of her neatly-gloved hand.

"Oh, not for the world!" impressively replied the other young lady; "your name is so much sweeter than mine that I am sure it ought to be called after you!"

And another Young Auntie sentimentally murmured: "Name it Angelina, do; because it such a seraph, you know!"

And the Fat Nurse looked at her quenchingly, and said so lugubriously, "Better Susan than Sophronisber!" that they all laughed, though only Baby's Father and Mother understood the personal allusion.

And then, one after another, each proposed a different name, and the Young Mother had to exercise great tact and diplomacy to decline all without giving offense; and ever and anon she glanced over at the Poor Relation, who alone was silent, gazing with floating eyes at the Baby and its parents, as if she saw the picture Raphael painted, as if she comprehended the holiness of the child, the sanctity of the mother—she who would never have a baby of her own.

And they brought up all the family names, and those of Biblical heroines, from Eve to Phebe, whom Paul commended as a "succorer of many;" and there was much chiding of each other tastes, and quips and quirks and merry sayings over the associations aroused, and affected little shrieks of horror from the Aunties at the unpoetic title of some otherwise forgotten ancestress, and much consequent recalling of family history, and great rolling of the eyes and raising of the hands at the Judiths and Deborahs of the Scriptures. But the young

parents seemed hard to please, and objections were offered to everything proposed.

At last, one of the Grandmothers, who had had her ups and downs in life, and was therefore a rather worldly old lady in so far as she was anxious to save all those belonging to her from corresponding downs, and equally desirous to secure for them all possible ups, insisted upon a moment's silence of the mingling voices, as she had an important motion to make.

"My dear," she said to the Mother, evidently considering the Father's opinion on the subject quite a secondary and insignificant consideration, "in naming the Baby, would it not be well to regard something else than a mere pleasing of the fancy—your child's future advantage, for instance? Now, there's your Aunt Hannah"—here there was a simultaneous outcry from the Aunties, which caused the Grandmother to shake her politic old head at them, and address the conclusion of her remarks to those fastidious butterflies. "Oh, yes! you midges," she continued, "I know it is not a pretty name; but Aunt Hannah is enormously rich, and has no one in particular to bequeath her money to, and never tells any one what she is going to do with it. She is a lone creature, and who knows but it would give her a new interest to have our little one called after her; she might be enough pleased to make it her heir, and the very least she could do for the compliment would be to leave it a handsome sum for its name!" and the worldly old lady looked triumphantly around her as if she had unquestionably propounded a final satisfactory solution to the difficulty.

There was a momentary pause; even the most thoughtless and gushing of the Aunties saw the possible good thing for the Baby in the proposed arrangement, and had not the heart to venture a word against the chance of a prospective fortune for the general darling; while the other people waited in evident anxiety for the parents' reply, and Baby crowed away in happy unconsciousness of scheming sapience. But the Young Father's face flushed, and the Young Mother lifted her graceful head a little haughtily, as she emphatically answered: "No, mamma, I will not lay upon my child's clean life the stain of mercenary motive! Not for all Aunt Hannah owns would I have my Baby grow up to know I had been so mean as to use its precious name as a bait to catch money! How could I teach her higher things when she had learned I thought so much of gold? I could never look Aunt Hannah straight in the face again; I should be sure of her suspicion of design, and I should feel as if I had given over Baby and myself to a degrading bondage of expectation depending on another's death! I will trust her good fortune to God; we must not stoop for it!"

Grandfather No. One rapped approval with his gold-headed cane and ejaculated: "Spoken like my own brave lass!"

Grandfather No. Two said, with just a perceptible inflection of disappointment: "When she comes to our age she will have found out that money is more useful than pride!"

The relieved Young Aunties clapped their applauding hands, and the husband leaned over and kissed the delicate cheek, a trifle paler from the unusual act of self-assertion against maternal guidance, while the defeated Grandmother rustled her

shining black silk, and grew rather redder in her ruddy face, as she somewhat testily exclaimed: "Well, then, what *are* you going to name the child for, and *who* are you going to call it after?"

A soft blush suffused the Young Mother's tender face, that had bent over her cooing Baby, and her voice took even a sweeter melody as she replied: "Since we have been talking it over, quite a new thought has come to me about Baby's name. Nurse says that people grow like their names, but I myself have observed that children, in time, resemble the person they are called for; I suppose they naturally feel a peculiar interest in and try to imitate those whose name they bear; and there is one we know whom I should like my little girl to model after, one who is good, and pure, and true; who has kept a white soul through dark days and hard times; who has been faithful in all things, thinking more of others than of herself; never faltering in the path of right, and more nobly fearless before a wrong than any man I ever saw; who is a ministering spirit to us all, and worthy of the best we can give her; who lives humbly among men, but never forgets the presence of her God!" And the Young Mother rose up with her Baby in her arms, and stood before the Poor Relation. "And so, dear Cousin Mary," she said, "because I would have my child grow like you, will you let me give her *your* name?"

And the Poor Relation was so surprised and overcome at being thus honored in the midst of them all, that she could scarcely speak; and the Father warmly seconded his wife's requests, and the rest crowded quickly around her, shook her hands, and made her feel they were glad of the choice; for somehow the Young Mother's little speech had suddenly set her before them in clearer light than they were used to see her, and the beauty of her unobtrusive life glorified her for a moment even more than the accepted fact that she was henceforth an important member of the family, since the first grandchild had been named after her. And the worldly old Grandmother forgot the ups and downs of the past and future, and magnanimously said to her: "My daughter is wiser in her generation than I; it is better to be good than wealthy;" while the Fat Nurse, having sat the whole visit through, in order to satisfy her curiosity as to what would be the end of it, tied her bonnet-strings in the crease of her double chin, picked up the portly basket and stout umbrella, ejaculating, "It's a heap more sensible then toadyin' rich folks in the cradle!" and trotted off with very much the same motion as that which shook up so many infantile breakfasts. And then the family meeting broke up, wending their way in groups, talking it over still as they went.

As the Poor Relation walked homeward, there was a shining in her eyes, a color in her cheeks and a lightness in her step, that had not been there for many a day; the sun was brighter to her, the skies bluer, the fields greener, than she had ever seen them since her vanished youth; she was full of yearning thoughts of the little one and its mother; she even said over her own name to herself with a little, happy laugh that was half a sob of delight, too; and she paused once to lift up her soul in an earnest, aspiring prayer that her Father in Heaven would help her to keep her name worthy to be worn by the pure spirit whose angel beheld His face. She felt as if she had a partnership in

this new being forever; it was a fresh and solemn link to life and eternity. A rush of love for it flooded her heart, and she, who had neither husband nor child, understood for a moment the blissful sense of motherhood. But when she reached the vine-wreathed porch where her Aged Father and Mother sat together in the declining, golden sun, she sank down on the steps at their feet, and could only cry like a very touched and tender woman, as she told in her sweet and simple way about this Naming of the Baby.

### III.

#### ONE OF THE AUNTIES.

EVERYBODY said that there never was such a Baby, and being the first one for many years in two very large families, there were plenty of voices to ring perpetual changes of admiration on its growing beauties and graces; especially were the Young Aunties—that gay and gushing troop of happy girls, enthusiastic over the little treasure of human life that made such funny passes at their bright ribbons with its tiny dots of hands, or crowded with delight in answer to their unwearied efforts at entertainment. Never did any other baby born into this world possess such lovely eyes, or such bewitching dimples, or such beautiful, golden rings of hair! The flesh of all infants is soft, but surely none other ever had such a pure and velvety skin! And oh, the little, pink-soled feet! was there ever anything on earth so cunning and so tender as those plump, helpless activities tipped with such minute and perfect bits of toes? Then the intelligence of this precious pet! How they chronicled among themselves its dawning smiles, and its pin-provoked perceptions of pain—symbol of many another torture that life endures from unperceived moral pin-pricks. How they saw intellect written on its expanding brow, and detected offered kisses in the dewy mouth pouting with undissipated dream of milky draught! And the likenesses they perceived, even in the scarcely defined nose and decidedly double chin! And the predictions they made of romantic destinies in the future, and the delight, and wonder, and half-motherliness they all had over this live doll, that somehow stirred up the woman-hearts of these untried natures into vague longings and instinctive sympathies! Every morning, when the Young Mother went through her greatest enjoyment of giving her Baby its daily bath with her own hands, there was sure also to be a fair and smiling Auntie beside the little tub to sing or chirrup down the faint, gasping cry at the first plunge in the clear water, to plash with rosy fingers the warm, lucid drops over the fat and dimpled shoulders, or to watch with dancing eyes the round, white limbs kicking up the shining waves against the soft, bare body, and the Baby would crouch up to the Young Mother and the Young Auntie, and they would chorus the crouch, and laugh back together in so sweet and innocent happiness, and talk broken English to their darling both at once, till it was better than any play to see, and a sort of unwritten poem of the pure joy of humanity.

And never was a Baby that had apparently as many needs as this one; never were a deft set of Aunties so busy in providing superfluities of

worsted and embroidery; patterns became their chief interest, and new designs their perpetual quest; knitting-needles clicked constantly, and coquettish crochet-baskets hung gracefully from the silken belts; and the result was that Baby had socks enough for a centipede, small blankets sufficient to clothe a moderate-sized tribe of Afghans, more bibs than would protect the undeveloped necks of an orphan asylum, and sacks, and caps, and wraps of all shapes and materials enough to have fitted out half a dozen destitute missionary boxes; and in fact the perplexed Young Mother did surreptitiously bestow upon less favored infancy many a donation from the overflowing wardrobe of this fortunate mite. But the generous Young Aunties did not miss anything; they had time and zephyrs in plenty, love and leisure in full; so they went on industriously increasing the store, and glowing over their own good works.

Once, on a sunny morning, one of the brightest, and gayest, and cheeriest of the Young Aunties set out for the Baby's home with another new gift for the precious little one—a light, white, dainty thing, fleecy as a cloud and warm as the eider-duck's down. She did not step out quite as briskly or into as springy a walk as the Young Aunties generally were wont to do, for there was an air of expectancy in the lingering pace, and a sort of watchful, yet timid hope in the lustrous, hazel eyes, which betokened that some one could gladden the sight thereof. But suddenly the walk quickened a little, and the white lids dropped their curled lashes upon the flushing cheek, as a tall figure hove in view with an unmistakable sea-roll in the gait, and then there was a greeting, half-cordial and half-shy, and the handsome Young Sailor turned about and walked on with the Young Auntie. Suddenly for those two—chatting lightly of this thing and that, of the weather at home and on the ocean waves, of the last party and the latest news, even of the Baby in their blithe and blissful mood—for those two all the common way before them was changed to a golden street; the soft air intoxicated them with gladness, and the sunshine seemed to fold round them warm and bright, as if to shut out all the rest of the world, and life was beautiful on the happy earth as in those ancient days of innocence and Eden, for they were young, they were together, and their hearts were trembling with the joy of a yet unspoken dream. For this gallant officer, who had more than once faced death undaunted by danger, and undismayed by stormy winds of tempest or of battle, had never found courage to speak three little words to the fair girl whom he loved better than his life. And she, oh! be sure, she was gay and gleeful with him, and believed she gave no sign of the sweet secret that tinted her soft cheeks whenever he drew near, and filled the sparkling eyes with such new and tender light. At last they reached the Baby's home, and he was loth to leave her, and she longed for him to linger; so upon half a hint she breathed an invitation, that seemed like a blessing, for him to come into the house and wait till she had given the Baby her gift, and then—oh, then they both knew there would be another walk back upon the golden street!

But as the young man sat waiting in the quiet parlor while the Young Auntie ran up-stairs to caress the Baby and present the last marvelous

effort in zephyrs, he saw her still before him; it seemed to him that he should always see her as he had looked upon her that morning in her youth, and grace, and peerless beauty; that she could never change or grow old to him, but would forever and ever live in his heart as fresh, as pure, as enchanting as to-day—his first true love, the one woman in all the world for him. And after a mental spasm of great humility as to his own unworthiness, and an inward reproof of his own presumption in aspiring to the love of a being so angelic, there came into his mind a nervous impatience of any longer delay in learning his fate, and he determined that, come what would, he would ask her to be his before they parted again that day; but how to do it, oh! how to do it? That was the question he was revolving in uneasy perplexity, when, pit-a-pat, he caught the tapping sound of her tiny, high-heeled boots, and his heart leaped as she stood before him again. Was it a mere artifice of feminine coquetry, or was it some deeper, womanly instinct, that had made her throw off her hat and bring down the Baby in her girlish arms to show the embarrassed Young Sailor the Family Pride, of whose infantile perfections he had heard so much from the adoring Aunties? And the Baby cooed, and the Young Auntie chirruped, bending her bright face over the downy little head that nestled against her bosom; and a new vision flashed into the lover's dream—the sweet vision of wife and child upon hearthstone of his own—the first vague, longing sense of fatherhood inherent in man's nature awoke at the recognition of the intuitive motherliness in the woman's; it added a strong and tender yearning to the passionate love; it calmed the unquiet of his doubts, and steadied his trembling purpose, as with almost conscious ownership he leaned over the Baby and its bonny nurse.

"Just listen to its darling baby-talk!" cried she, delighted with Baby's amiability in showing off.

"Oh, you precious petty, coo—coo—coo!"

"Coo—coo—coo!" gurgled back the echoing tones from the little dot of a rosy mouth.

"Do you understand that sort of language?"

quietly the bold Young Sailor asked.

"Of course," was the indignant reply; "everybody that has anything to do with a baby knows just what it means; there, it is coo-cooing now to tell you it understands all you say!"

"Then, Baby," he gravely said, and somehow he caught the tiny ball of a fist and the young girl's little white hand both at once in his big brown one, "tell your dear Auntie how truly I love her, and how much I hope to call her mine!"

It was all done, and the Young Auntie never knew what she answered, or how it came to pass; but she and Baby were gathered up together in the strong arms, and half-laughing, half-crying, she soothed the Baby's astonished cry between the first kisses of first love. When the Young Mother heard the faint echo of that sudden, sharp wail, she sped unsuspectingly down-stairs to see what was happening to her child; and, as she floated into the room, she read the old, old story that was being told over again with her Baby in the midst thereof—her Baby, that was now gazing up with wise, wide eyes into the Young Auntie's blushing countenance, and was so encircled by two pairs of arms that she scarcely knew which to take it from; but after a loving embrace and a hearty hand-

shake, she carried Baby off at last, recalling her own cherished love-tale, and left the happy young lovers to themselves.

Soon after this there was a gay wedding, with a long train of the other Young Aunties for bridesmaids, and a grand show of uniforms, and a bright glancing of naval buttons that made Baby's eyes dance with delight, for Baby was particularly and pressingly invited to the marriage; and when the gray-haired minister solemnly asked: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" cooed out so loud and so long that a general smile burst out among the audience, and even made rainbows in the Grandmother's glistening tears.

Then, in a little while, there was one of those sad partings that wring the life from out young hearts, and a gallant ship had gone to sea, while a fair bride was left at home to count the days of absence.

Then came watchings for interminable letters, anxious suspense over a single, missing mail, shudders at news of storms and disasters on the ocean, and a gradual sedateness, growing from an absorbing interest, settling the gushing gavity of girlhood. Then there was an unusual silence; more than one appointed time passed away and brought no letter; a frightened, far-off look clouded the old brightness of sparkling eyes, and even the postman hurried with averted head more swiftly by the wistful face watching him from the window, knowing well that among the many messages he carried of love, and life, and death, there was none for her. And then at last there was published the awful news that thrilled the land—the ship he sailed in had gone down at sea, and every soul on board had perished.

The worst anguish of life had fallen on her—such anguish as comes but once to a woman, and pales forever the storied tortures of the Burning Lake; that takes all values out of the things of this world, in which eternity becomes comprehensible through the infinitude of suffering, and the terrible solitude of the spirit which for the time is reached and touched by nought in the universe, neither God or man. She sat in the midst of mourning friends, but shed no tear; all the great salt waves of the unfathomed ocean were sweeping over him; tears of hers could not even fall upon his grave; words of tenderness, of consolation, of hope beyond the tomb, were spoken to her; she heard only the moaning sound of the never silent sea; day and night, in her thoughts and in her dreams, she saw a ship go down into the deep, and beheld the cruel and hungry waters sweeping over the swaying form of her dead. She sat in darkness, for the light of day was a mockery; she rose up and lay down as she was directed, but she neither spoke nor noticed any living being save the gentle Poor Relation, whose mission on earth seemed to be that of ministering to those sick and in affliction; she appeared to have a dim perception, born of that insight into another's grief that personal endurance sometimes gives, that here, too, was a lonely soul that had suffered loss and known sorrow's worst extreme, and in a mute, pathetic fashion she clung to her a little, following her movements with her listless glance, and laying her weary head upon the patient breast. One day, the old family doctor, who had held her in his arms when she had uttered life's first gasping cry, came from her room with a troubled face,

saying softly, in tremulous tones, "She must weep, or she will die." And they gathered about her—all those she most loved—the Mother and the Father and all the saddened Young Aunties, and talked tenderly before her of her lost husband; praised his beauty and his ways, his courage and his worth, and raised up their voices and wept for him in her presence. She rocked herself back and forth, and moaned as they spoke, but she listened with dry eyes still, and a touching terror pervaded the hushed household.

But one day, when the Poor Relation necessarily returned to her own home, she entered the chamber where her Crippled Sister, with tireless fingers, wove embroidered flowers into fine, flowing muslin, and lo! she was softly keeping time to the leaf-forming stitches with the plaintive rhythm of Tennyson's sweet song, "Home they brought her warrior dead." Oh, what a thought flashed into the Poor Relation's mind! Out of the house she flew like a bird, and with swift feet fled along the way that had been to the lovers a golden street, and, breathless, entered the nursery where Baby slept the rosy sleep of innocence.

A few explanatory words to the sympathetic Young Mother, pale also with sisterly anxiety, and Baby was lifted out of its warm nest, fortified with requisite refreshment, and wrapped in the very white and fluffy thing that the Young Auntie had brought it on the eventful morning of her love; and then back with burdened arms and swelling heart sped the Poor Relation to the sorrow-stricken dwelling. She crossed the shadowed room unnoticed, and softly laid the little one on the widowed breast. For the first time the pallid lips quivered, and Baby—the blessed Baby—looked up into the drawn and colorless face, and cooed and cooed as if it had brought a message. Then, at the sweet, familiar sound, the tears burst out, and flowed and flowed, and great sobs shook her fragile frame, and the Poor Relation cried also, and the tears of the two women mingled and fell fast like fountains upon the Baby, till Baby began to feel very damp, and so joined in and took a good cry, too.

Every day after that the Poor Relation came on her errand of mercy, bearing the Baby, whose unconscious ministry was softening this stony grief; for widowhood may pass away, widowhood may be overlived, but the sense of motherhood that has been, or might have been, lies very deep in the heart of a woman. But one day, as she entered the house, Baby was suddenly snatched away from her, all the Young Aunties seemed to clutch her at once, and half-carried her into the presence of a sun-burned Sailor, who caught her in his strong embrace as if she had been his own sister. And then was told the wonderful story of the wreck, and the rescue by a homeward-bound but slow-sailing vessel, and a chorus of carefully-toned voices repeated: "and now, Cousin Mary, you must tell her—you must tell her right away!"

Once more in the lonely and darkened chamber, the Poor Relation put her arms around the pale girl-wife, who wondered now why she had come without the Baby.

"My darling, I have brought you something even sweeter than the Baby," was the gentle answer; "a very gospel, dear heart; good tidings of great joy."

"Joy to me, Cousin Mary? Oh, never again!

The awful sound of the sea shuts out all good tidings from me forever."

"But, dear child," and the Poor Relation held her very close to her own beating heart, "you know we are told of a time when the sea shall give up its dead. Sometimes, oh, sometimes, it is not only at the last day! Ships go down, but other ships are on the waters, and oh, darling, darling, sailors are sometimes saved!"

Joy rarely kills. She rose quickly up, she pushed away the encircling embrace, a faint flush flashed into her wan face and a light into her eyes; she stretched her arms toward the door, she cried out, wild with a new hope: "O Cousin Mary, he has come home—he has come home!"

The door flew open. There was a rush and a rapture of meeting like the bliss of Heaven. The sea had given up its dead. And as the Poor Relation slipped out, the Mother kissed her in the entry, the Father shook both her hands upon the stairs, and all the Young Aunties hugged her and Baby alternately, for was it not her happy thought that had chased death and saved the sister for her husband? And it was once more Baby who had given this woman to this man.

(To be continued.)

#### MOTHER-WIT.

A PRETTY long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the emperor's cocked-hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly: "Thank you, captain."

"In what regiment, sire?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier.

Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile: "In my guard, for I see you know how to be prompt."

The newly-made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvoroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion.

"How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvoroff.

"All that are not caught yet," was the answer.

"How far is it to the moon?"

"Two of your excellency's forced marches."

"What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?"

"I'd tell them that there was a wagon-load of whisky just behind the enemy's line."

Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with, "What's the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word."

"I say it now, then," answered Suvoroff; "and a right good officer you'll be."

KEEP trouble at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

## Mothers' Department.

### SHOW YOUR LOVE. TELL IT.

**Y**OU love your children? I know you do. But the children do not know it. Tell them you love them. The fact that you provide for them food, clothing, pretty toys; the fact that you care for them continually; why, these facts *might* teach them that you love them, if they comprehended the facts. But they have never felt the keen want of comfortable clothing, the sharp gnawing of hunger unappeased or half-appeased, they have no knowledge of the value of money or of labor, they cannot realize how great is the kindness which keeps their necessities supplied. Do you desire that they should suffer in order that they may acquire this knowledge? Surely not. There is a better way, which time and nature will duly provide.

But, for the present, all these things seem to them matters of course; they have never given them a thought. Years hence they will interpret them correctly, but now—*now* they need your tender kiss, your loving word, your kindly caress, your declaration of love, to show them that you love them. If they do not receive these, and do experience, though only occasionally, the bare toleration of indifference, or the actual repulse, when, glowing with interest, they come to you for sympathy; if they are refused again and again, and yet again, the much-desired favors they ask, and cannot understand the reason of the refusal; if they are often reprimanded—sometimes punished—when they “didn’t think of doing any harm;” if they are blamed for short comings, and their errors carefully pointed out when they have taken especial pains to do a task well, what *must* they think, that you love them or that you hate them?

Try the Golden Rule. What would you think in like circumstances? Unfrequent favors, surlily or petulantly granted; incessant fault-finding, (think how often a child errs), the oft-recurring admonition to “run out of the way,” to find amusement, occupation, society, somewhere else; how far would these conditions go to assure you of the love of a superior upon whom you were dependent? What asseverations of this could convince you that you were very dear to him, that your welfare and happiness were the prime objects of his existence?

Do not expect you children to be wiser than you could be. The natural language of affection they will understand, intuitively. And this exceptional child—the one that is so often wrong, that is so impatient of restraint, that so resents the punishment which yet *must* be administered; this child that is so ready to think himself the unbeloved one of the family; this child needs special love and special exhibitions of tenderness; he should have devoted to him, alone, little seasons of friendly communion, seasons of giving and receiving confidences, seasons when he is taken near to your heart and made to see and to feel that he has a sure possession there. Then he may be taught to believe that your chastisements, no less than your gifts, are bestowed in love. Then you may reason with him, always lovingly, and he will accept your reason-

ing; you may exhort him, and he will heed your warning; you may warn him, and he will heed your warning. One such exercise will not make him a model of childish virtue, it is true; but each one will *help* to bring him into unison with you, and that is your aim. And nothing is more lovely than the free and spontaneous expression of affection between parents and children. Yet I have seen people so warped by false ideas of propriety that they look upon all tenderness, whether of manner or of speech, in this relation, and, indeed, in all others, as eminently silly and improper. Once, when my little boy came to me with a kiss, saying, simply: “I love you,” a friend who happened to be present, said: “Aha, he has an ax to grind, I suspect.”

Of course I promptly disclaimed that sort of thing, and explained to her that such manifestations were quite common and sincere between us. I suppose she had never had a similar experience, and yet she had been really a faithful, affectionate and self-denying mother.

One of the most beautiful little incidents that ever came under my observation, occurred in the house of a friend. A relative had written for the young daughter of the family to come and spend a few weeks with her, as there was illness in her family, and she needed some assistance.

“We will see what father says,” said the mother, after reading the letter.

So when the father came in at evening the letter was brought for his perusal, the elder daughter kneeling beside him, intensely interested, and leaning on his knee to hold the light for him, while the younger children clustered near.

“Would thee like to go, Sarah?” he asked, smiling, when the letter was finished.

“Oh, yes, father,” and the eager, childish face, full of hope, was raised to his.

“I think thee had better go. Thee can be of use there, and it will be a pleasant trip for thee.”

“But,” he continued, after a little pause, “what will father do for lamb-girl and egg-girl when thee’s gone?”

The expectant face grew doubtful.

“We’ll manage to get along; the little ones can do those chores, but we shall miss thee, Sarah.”

The kindly look with which he had been regarding her deepened into exquisite tenderness, beautifying all the rugged features, while the glad eyes of the young girl drooped modestly to the floor at the implied praise of her father’s glances and words; the color in her cheeks deepened, and a grateful smile curved her pretty lips.

The words spoken were not many nor fine, but the look and the manner of both made one of those pictures which live long in the memory of the beholder.

The love that is not told, is, to the recipient, as if it had never been, and its material benefits had come from some other source. The very expression of love intensifies its action; the response elicited increases its power and influence; nothing else makes your child so completely your own as the conviction that he is very precious to you. And you cannot afford to loosen your hold upon him;

you cannot afford to lose any opportunity to influence him for good. "Precious girl," "darling little son," should be often on your lips; why, they live in your heart, and "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. You may remain undeemonstrative, but others will not;

and by and by their young hearts, hungering and thirsting for the words, the looks, the caresses you should give but do not, will turn from you to cling to the stranger who does give them. What more natural?

H. M. BROOKS.

## The Home Circle.

### EARNEST TALKS.

"Child of the grand old Autumn!  
October floateth by,  
A regal grace on her sun-kissed face  
And light in her beaming eye;  
Over her polished shoulders  
To the dull and fading grass,  
The golden brown of her hair flows down,  
As her springing footsteps pass.

"She will breathe on the dim, old forest,  
And stainings of crimson light,  
Like the blushes that speak  
On her own bright cheek,  
Will fall on the leaves to-night:  
And the mellow light of the dawning,  
When the first sunbeams play;  
And the flushes that rest  
On the sunset's breast,  
She will leave on the trees to-day."

WE watched it all from window and door-step in the pauses in our work, and sometimes, just as the day is melting into night, while yet the tints of the sunset linger, we go out to the hill-top for wider views, and our whole being thrills with the thoughts and feelings the scene inspires. We feel that truly we are within the temple of the Lord, at the very portal of the inmost shrine, and wondrous truths are revealed to us.

Wondrous, but, oh, how sweet are the ministrations of the beautiful around us! The prosy old earth fades away, and Heaven, in all its marvelous glory and brightness is before us. Or, if this be earth, how can Heaven be fairer? Well may this be called the crown-month of the year. The purple and gold, the jewels and ermine of kings are but poor compared with the blending and commingling of colors, the depth and beauty of lights and shadows this month brings. The days grow in beauty and tenderness as they decrease in length, and with banners proudly unfurled, the hosts are marshaled for the last grand banquet ere November's winds and storms rob them of all brightness, and tuck them under the snow-mantle to await the spring-time resurrection. We wish it might tarry longer, we are reluctant to let go anything so fair, yet are powerless to stay time's relentless hand. Even while we stand in wrapt wonder, the soft haze of Indian-summer half-hides our view, and when we look again how changed the scene! The bright leaves faded and withered now, rustle beneath our feet; the trees, but lately so beautiful, stretch bare, brown branches to Heaven, as if praying for something to cover and hide them.

Why are we given this brief, bright period? Is it to teach us of the beauty of old age? To show us that, however rich and good the spring time may be, it is but the beginning, but the promise

of which this is the fruition? Materialists tell us it is nothing but the ripening of the leaves, the natural, inevitable process plant, tree and shrub must undergo with the changing seasons; but we to whom the book of nature is the book of God, who hear His voice in the winds, in rippling brooks and in bird-songs, and trace the guiding of His hand in all changes or revolutions, we know it is more than this, and wait, with hushed hearts and bowed heads, the messages sure to come to all who have ears to hear and understand them.

This may be the banquet of death to which the wealth of the year is called, but death is only another name for newer, higher life. For this sun and rain have wrought unweariedly, and gladly the vast treasure is yielded to the embrace of death; for, out of death, comes higher life; out of decay, comes freshness and beauty. But the long, cold winter must intervene, and, despite all the assurance we have of its being but for a little time, despite all we know, we yield half-sadly to its reign and see the familiar objects, the favorite trees and plants covered for their long sleep. Will they dream of past beauty or of what the future is yet to bring? We call ourselves wise and learned, yet how little we know of all that is constantly going on around us! Nature sleeps, we say, but it is only that her work is more silently done, and is too deep for us to trace the effects of it all as we can in the summer days.

Ah, those summer days! How much of joy they held for us amid the heat and wearing work they brought. What pictures stand out from them as we look back through "memory's sunset air," recalling all that was most dear to us. Singular, is it not? how some objects—it may be a sunny hill-side, a gleam from the clear meadow-brook or a clump of trees—will fix the attention (and weave itself into our thought from day to day), becoming so much a part of the summer that it stands in the foreground of the picture, and will not be put aside. It must be for this reason that, looking back now from October's golden heights, a little group of elms and poplars comes before me with great vividness and begs for recognition here. It stands upon the brow of the hill just beyond us, clearly outlined against the eastern sky. Other pines, more gifted than mine, have told of the graceful beauty of the English elm, but because I love it so, I lay this little tribute at its shrine. It always gives me such a sense of motherliness, and is just the kind of tree to stand over a cozy little home. The poplars, tall and straight, with upright, close-growing branches, are staid, old bachelors, full of selfishness and egotism, seeming to think, because they are high up, they must be great, while the elms are large-hearted mothers, brooding over and protecting all

within their reach. They afford a great contrast, and how they have talked to me in days now past! There are so many lives like the poplar, which are high up, as the world judgeth, and narrow because all their energies are spent in growing in one direction only; while others, like the elm, spread out more and, if they be not so soon or so often seen from afar, do a greater work, a more lasting good. One is the hermit trying to get to Heaven through the "mortification of the flesh," through much praying and renunciation of all that would make this life one of pleasure and beauty; the other is the wise Christian who, while just as eager to gain Heaven at last, gives himself to the upbuilding and beautifying of this life, assured if life here be all right, life hereafter must be. For,

"The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below."

Let no one think I do not believe in a special culture for or a zealous devotion to a worthy cause. None can be too well fitted for a given work or bring to it too great earnestness, but does not a true, special culture involve first a general culture? Must not the foundation be broad and deep ere a noble structure be built upon it? Is one who partakes of the good "that round him lies," and keeps the soul-windows ever open to the bright and beautiful everywhere, less capable of entering into and appreciating the joys of Heaven, or does he do less lasting good here than one who makes the way so narrow not even a flower can take root and blossom along the path?

Christ it was who, praying for His beloved disciples, asked "not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil"—not from any good, but "from the evil." Has He not given us each a reasoning mind and an enlightened conscience that we may rightly choose between the good and the evil? He would never have made this world so beautiful, and have so adapted all things to our needs if He had not meant we should enjoy and use, not abuse it as we journey along. If He did not feel it a waste of time to make the humble, way-side flowers, why should we deny ourselves the pleasure they can give? Heaven may be all in all to us when we are heavenly beings, inmates of Heaven, but while our work is here, I think He meant earth and earth-life to be good and beautiful to us, and we need not fear to avail ourselves of the blessings so lavishly given. Of course we ought not to be so engrossed in life here as to forget the life hereafter—that would be like being so taken up with childhood's delights as to forget to grow to manhood's higher, nobler joys— but neither must the heavenly crowd out the earthly.

A wise enjoyment of this world can in no way unfit us for the next, and the soul is impoverished by just so much as we needlessly deprive ourselves of here. Whatever tends to make us better or happier here; whatever gives us broader, sounder views, or leads to greater love and sympathy for our kind; whatever makes us true and tender, brave and just in every-day life; whatever gives us sunnier, cheerier thoughts, or tends to keep the heart from growing old, or the face such as "a child would climb to kiss," enters into the riches which "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt" and

which "fadeth not away." Why are we placed here, why have this life at all if we are to gain nothing from it? To-day a little baby lay asleep upon my arm. As I looked down into its little face, so full of innocence and baby grace, I wondered what could be fairer or more lovable. But when the baby is a man, when he has met trial and temptation, and comes from it all strong and untarnished; when, bearing the imprint of a noble nature, he goes out to the battle of life with armor firmly girded, ready to do and dare anything for the right, will not his beauty be of a higher type? Though he be not as *innocent* as now (for innocence knows nothing of any wrong or evil), he will be *virtuous* and richer by all his knowledge of good and evil, for knowing the evil, he will know how to resist it. We love the baby, but not as we love the man. We rejoice in innocence, but not with the abounding joy and trust we feel in virtue. Innocence has yet to be tested, virtue has stood the test and been crowned triumphant.

It is a great lesson to which we are set: so to learn the use of our faculties and of all things that neither one's-self nor another is hurt by the using. Though we learn it only through much pain, much stumbling, it is worth the learning, and none may call himself truly wise who knows not how to choose from the good and evil around him. Side by side with the most beautiful flowers, grows the poisonous weed. In the same field where sparkles and dances the crystal streamlet lie loathsome pools and morasses. The same climate which gives us the beautiful elm gives, too, the disagreeable ailanthus; yet the flower, the streamlet, the elm are no less beautiful and good, and we have no need to deprive ourselves of their enjoyment because of the evil near them. One thing let us remember, we are none of us left to choose simply for ourselves. Each life is so interwoven with other lives that they are more or less affected by the choice we make, and he who loves his neighbor as himself will do nothing which will work them harm. There is one safe rule, "In all things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Follow this and all will be well here and hereafter.

EARNEST.

#### LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

DEAR GIRLS: I hope you will become beautiful in appearance and charming in manner, and that you will use both where both are most needed, in the privacy of your own homes. Some of you may feel, as girls sometimes do, that you are quite superior to your surroundings, to your parents, or to your brothers and sisters; that there has been some mistake made in your being with them at all; that they do not appreciate you, and that you are wasting you "sweetness on the desert air" by spending it on those at home. But you yourselves are the ones who make the mistake. Your parents are the ones to whom you belong, and the homes in which you are placed are the homes for you, or you would not have been put there. Our Heavenly Father makes no mistakes.

Do not save your smiles, your brightness, your cheerfulness, for friends or for visiting alone; use them daily, hourly, in your own homes. You will

find you will have a plenty of them, and of a truer and more spontaneous kind, for society afterward. You find it no trouble to be polite, attentive and tolerant of the opinions and peculiarities of others when those others are outside of your own family.

Make it your business, then, to be polite and tolerant to the ideas and peculiarities of those with whom you are most intimately associated. You can be interested in listening to matters that interest your most ordinary acquaintance, because politeness demands that you should be so. Surely, then, you ought to manifest an interest in the aims and thoughts of those at home. Often an affectionate word of sympathy from a daughter or sister will have the power of lifting half the weight from an anxious heart, or encourage budding thoughts and aspirations that a cold or indifferent manner may effectually blight.

Is it not far more essential that the wheels of constant intercourse should run smoothly than that you should waste all your oil on a few occasional hours, so that you go jolting and creaking along the greater part of the time, with inward injury to yourselves and to those who journey with you? It does not, of course, all depend on one of you, but each member must do a part; if there is a single failure, it throws the whole machine out of its perfect action, and increases the hardship, to say nothing of the pain, of the remaining members.

Never fail in the duty and respect you owe to your parents. You never can realize, until you have little ones of your own to care for, how faithfully and lovingly they have watched over and guarded you, the unceasing care and anxiety, the planning, and hoping, and fearing for you; that exquisite pleasure when you do right and well, the unutterable pain and sorrow when you do not. It is impossible that you should comprehend it all now, but you can and should be affectionately thoughtful of their feelings and their wishes.

Do not trust all to the merely natural affection you feel for them. The affection you feel for yourself will be very likely to outweigh that at times, and, very probably, at just the times when your greatest consideration is most needed. Guide your natural affection by reason, justice and duty, and be sure that in their interests and happiness lie your own.

There is no love on earth that so partakes of the unselfishness, the unfaithfulness and devotedness of the Divine love as a true mother's love for her children. Treasure it while she is with you as your greatest earthly blessing, and it will indeed prove to be your comforter now and your strengthener hereafter. Do not let her hands fall to her side in utter weariness while you are idle; do not let her eyes grow heavy and dim with over-exertion, or from the unshared sadness or weight of life's cares and trials; do not let her hands grow hard and worn while yours are soft and white, but incapable; do not be ashamed to help her; be ashamed, rather, *not* to help her. She, doubtless, will be willing to spare you, but do not be willing to be spared; do not allow her strength and life to be consumed that you may live in ease, in pleasure, and—fruitlessly.

I do not wish to take one joy or pleasure from your lives, nor in the least to dim the brightness and joy of youth; rather it is my wish to encourage all sinless pleasures and innocent enjoyments as belonging especially to this season of your

lives. You will find, however, that the consciousness of doing right will not lessen, but infinitely increase, not only your enjoyment, but your capacity for enjoying pure and healthful pleasures.

A child who will be ungrateful to its parents (or to those who stand to it in the relation of parents), will be wanting in the most essential elements to form a noble character; and one who will be untrue in one relation in life will be false also in others.

To you who have neither loving parents nor a loving home, I would say, do the best you can with what you have; try to see and enjoy the bright spots, and to render the dark ones less dark by your faith and helpfulness. Rest assured that your circumstances will admit of your best development if you can learn their lessons aright, and that if you perform faithfully and well the duties that you have now, by and by, if it be best for you, there will come an opening and a change.

"Be ye *all* kindly affectioned one to another;" let your own homes be your chief field of labor, and your parents, brothers and sisters the people whom you most strive to please and render happy. Thence shall the light of your beneficence radiate unto other homes and other hearts, and you will bring not only a blessing to yourselves and to others, but most of all a blessing to those with whom your lot is cast, with whom the Father has placed you as being now those to whom you are mutually nearest and dearest. AUNTIE.

#### FROM MY CORNER.

No. 51.

"Life is so very dreary here on these summer eves,  
I grow so weary, weary, carrying home the sheaves."

I READ these lines in a HOME MAGAZINE long ago—long enough to have forgotten them, if they had not oft waked a responsive feeling in my own heart. The rest of the poem passed out of mind, but this one sentence comes back so often, in times of weariness, during the long summer, when mind and body are both tired—tired with the turmoil and strife of living.

How much we have to go through with just to live. So many things end in disappointment; so many things which we have striven for hopefully elude our grasp; so many of the small trials of life hurt and perplex, and sometimes make us heart-sick; so many failures meet us as we try to press onward. Sometimes it is our own failings, sometimes those of others, that make us miserable. There are times with some when just the mere physical condition of the body will make one feel so gloomy or depressed, that little things magnify themselves and seem great crosses. We have such restless souls—such unquiet, changeable minds. Our lives are like the April skies—one hour clear and serene, the next shadowed by dark clouds, that perhaps dissolve in a rain of tears, or roll slowly away, and then sunshine and brightness come again. Or a whole day is gray and sombre, neither brightness nor storm marking its passage, but a dull, oppressive weight seems upon us, pervading everything with its gloom.

Are all lives thus? I suppose it must be, except with those passive people who go quietly along, and whom nothing seems to affect much; or those few supremely happy ones, who seem to have no

troubles. Very few and far between are these, and I suppose sometime during their lives troubles will come to them in their turn.

And how are we to meet these every-day trials, this wear on heart and mind, that is often such a drag on life and spirits, making one weary, or cross, or listless? Some will say, "You should cultivate a cheerful disposition." Well, suppose you have naturally a cheerful temperament; do you never feel any of these clouds hanging over you? Do you never feel as if life was a disappointment, and hardly worth the living? You will say, perhaps, that I ought never to have such feelings, when I counsel cheerfulness and courage so often. No, I *ought* not. If we were all just what we should be, no one would feel so, for we would have such firm hold of the Rock which is our refuge, that these things would not shake us so. But none of us are quite strong enough for that, I judge, all the time. And is it supposable that, because I know the value of it, I can be always cheerful? that I do not grow faint and weary as often as some others of my sisters on the toilsome road?

Yet I try to find the best way to overcome these feelings of depression soon as possible, and come out from the shadows that veil a sky always the same beyond. Sometimes, I believe, they must have their sway, and pass over as the clouds do; but often we can bring sober reason to our aid, and convince ourselves that it is not right, that we have not sufficient cause for giving up to gloom. Or we can compare our lot with that of many others, and perhaps find ours so much the best, that it brings back a spirit of contentment, or at least thankfulness. That is one of the best ways, I believe.

But surest of all sources of comfort and strength to some, is the thought of the loving entreaty, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And *such rest*, to those who *truly* come, "not as the world giveth." The great trouble is, that we seldom come entirely, completely, to so give ourselves to Him, that His will is ours.

I came across a little scrap awhile ago that has lain in my portfolio for a year or more. It is called "Heart Music," and the last verse seems so apropos of this thought, or at least contains such a good and beautiful thought of its own, that I insert the poem here:

"God tunes His nightingales in darkened cages,  
While earthly sound no more the ear engages,  
They catch the heavenly tone;  
When sorrow's fingers firmly touch the lyre,  
The soul's sweet music higher sounds and higher,  
For every stifled moan.

"Oh! let me learn this wondrous music faster;  
Take Thou my jarring, unstrung heart, great Master,  
And tune it to Thy will.  
Make my whole life one act of consecration,  
So it may, in the glorious anthem of creation,  
One note of sweetness fill."

Yes, that is what I would say—"tune it to Thy will," so that only sweet notes may resound from it when touched by any hand.

While I have been writing, dark clouds have risen in the west, spreading over a greater part of the sky. A fresh, cool wind sprung up, refresh-

ing to everything after the heat of the day, and soon growing strong and gusty, the big elm across the way bent and swayed its branches in the gale, and above it the happy swallows circled and twittered, until the twilight falling called them to their homes in the neighboring chimneys. The last one has just disappeared, and now the clouds have passed around us, the wind is falling without any rain, and twilight is gathering so that I cannot see to write more. But the little swallows, flying and twittering so cheerily, fearless of the dark clouds which hung so thickly above, have read me another lesson.

Last night all traces of the storm passed away at dark, and myriads of stars came out, shining with unusual brilliancy, it seemed. I sat a long while in the doorway of my little room, watching the same summer stars that I used to watch of evenings when a young girl, from the doorstep of the little brown cottage far away, but which were shut from my sight almost entirely for years by the windows of my old room opening in another direction. They seemed like old friends to me now. I watch them with a mingled feeling of pleasure and half-regretful sadness, for they bring such memories of bygone days, when so many of us sat together beneath them of summer evenings, and music, and song, and happy talk flowed freely. Or of when I sat *alone*, and took the bright, silent watchers for my companions.

There were two so close together, they were almost like a double star, and I used to call them *my stars*, and felt such interest in watching their return each summer. As I looked up at them all last night, a sweet, peaceful calm came to me. There is something solemn in the quiet contemplation of these countless hosts, whose light streams upon us from such far distances that one can scarcely comprehend it. Something so quieting, too. Gazing into the vast, still grandeur, all little trials and turmoils grow so small for the time being, when our life here seems only as a moment, compared with their existence; and they watch our passing out of it, as they have watched our troubled journey through it, and still roll on, as if naught of moment had occurred. So, after one of these silent communings, I always go to bed calmed and soothed, to rest in His keeping whose everlasting arms are ever around and underneath us.

LICHEN.

### DON'T, GIRLS!

**D**ON'T think it absolutely necessary to your happiness that *every* afternoon be spent in making calls, or on the street, or shopping. Home is not a mere hotel, wherein to eat and sleep—too dreary to be endured without company from abroad; home work is not mere drudgery, but useful ministration to those we love.

Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gayety, impertinent speeches for bright repartees. On the other hand, don't be prim, formal, stiff; nor assume a "company face," eloquent of "prunes, potatoes, prisms;" nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes and lips carefully posed for effect. An effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticising mentally the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those

around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a pretty nice set of people (if they are not, you had no business to come among them); that there is something to respect and like in each of them, something to learn of all of them. Determine to have a nice time anyhow; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial, frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well, do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You are not expected to be a Nilsson or Kellogg. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not feel humiliated. You probably excel in some other accomplishment. Even if you do not, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are but accessories, that of being "a lady"—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.

If God has favored you with the good gift of wit, of bright speech and clever repartee, use it freely, only keep back the sarcastic shaft that stings as well as shines. Let your wit brighten, but never burn.

If not so endowed, be content to listen and appreciate. Listeners are as needful as speakers. Your quick apprehension and pleased response will make you as welcome and valuable a member of society as the more lively girl.

Don't be vain! If God gives you the blessing of beauty, accept it as His *gift*, not *your* merit. You may take a sincere and innocent pleasure in it, and in properly adorning it, without vanity, if you but remember always that it is not the *best* thing nor the *main* thing, and strive rather for spiritual and mental beauty, which will abide when physical charms pass away.

Don't flirt. There is danger in playing with edged tools—to your own pretty fingers and careless hearts as well as to ruder masculine ones. Don't be forward, bold, careless. Men laugh, vote you "jolly, smart," etc.; but their real respect and admiration are for the modest girl, who needs no excuses made for her conduct. How often we see one after another of the quiet, gentle girls of a community led to the altar by worthy men—girls who never were considered "anything very special, simply nice girls" (recommendation enough)—while the saucy, reckless young belle, who was the observed of all observers wherever she went, and drew a circle of laughing men around her at every social gathering, gradually fades into a dissatisfied, neglected old maid. Some of the "nice girls" make old maids, too, but they make very nice ones.

Men like to chat away an idle hour with a frivolous, saucy girl; she amuses them; but when they seek wives, they want those who need no apologies, in whom their hearts may safely trust. A maiden may be ever so lively and cheerful—the more so the better—and yet be true to womanly delicacy and self-respect. Fireworks sparkle and amuse for a moment, but jewels shine on for all time, and need no outer aid to kindle their light.

Don't think because a man is married and a few years older than yourself, that you may therefore exercise all the freedom with him that you *might*, but probably do *not*, with your father or brother. Keep your caresses for those who have, or may yet have, a right to them. They will set a higher value on them. Politeness compels your victim to complaisance, perhaps *impels* him to reprisal;

but be assured very few gentlemen past their callow years are pleased to be made ridiculous, their smooth locks disheveled by ever such pretty hands, their laps occupied, their collars ruffled. They look absurd, and they know it, and are not grateful to the cause thereof, be she never so fair. And their wives are not charmed, either. Let them feel ever so sure of their husband's integrity, and yours also, no woman enjoys this sort of poaching on her manor. Would you? Let a rival girl try it on your escort and see.

Dear young girls, your lives are full of noble possibilities. There is but one thing earthly so truly admirable as a Christian lady, and that is a Christian "gentleman." If an "honest man be the noblest work of God," surely an "honest" true woman is His *lovetiest*. Therefore, young maidens of America, give yourselves to Christ; let Him so mould you that you may be kings' daughters indeed, all glorious within, all fair without.

MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: When any one places within our reach anything beautiful and pure, we would be very ungrateful not to express our appreciation therefor. We cannot forbear expressing our thanks for the midsummer number of your magazine. The new cover delighted us. We had grown tired of the old dress with its mythical design; so looked upon the new with its wide ocean, sailing ships, and its rocks and miniature cascades with refreshing joy. I do not think one could ever grow tired of the sweet, suggestive beauty. Then, too, Pipsey's "June Day" just chimed in with our mood. How distinctly it recalled "the days long gone" when our home was near the noble Hudson; and the Palisades and Yonkers, the Highlands and the Daniel Drew were familiar objects. I could almost fancy I saw Pipsey on the deck of that steamer with her pencil and note-book, jotting down items, or looking with wondering delight on the white palisades, or the mighty Dunderberg with its jutting nose and gloomy brows.

And so all the way through the magazine was so crisp and fresh that we wondered if there was any July weather in Philadelphia to stagnate the physical or mental forces of the publishers. Again we say thanks for the beautiful, midsummer number. S M. H.

A SENSIBLE writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: "I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a young woman remarkably neat in the person, she will certainly be an old maid. Is she perfectly reserved toward the other sex, she has all the squeamishness of an old maid. Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, she is cut out for an old maid. If she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature."

THE secret of true blessedness is character, not condition; your happiness consists not in where you are, but in what you are.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### THE ANSWER.

"ALLAH, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked  
with pain the long night through;  
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till  
his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said, "Call  
louder, Child of Pain,  
See if Allah ever hears, or answers, 'Here am I,'  
again."

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and  
pulses went,  
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a dark-  
ness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child,  
why thus dismayed?  
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of  
prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard  
the 'Here am I';  
And I thought, 'God will not pity, will not turn  
on me His eye.'"

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise,  
Elias; go  
Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him from  
his gulf of woe;

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an an-  
swering cry;  
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my  
answering 'Here am I.'"

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel unde-  
filed;  
And in every "O my Father!" slumbers deep a  
"Here, my child!" *Oriental Poetry.*

### REST.

**K**NITTING, busily knitting,  
The dear old grandmother sits,  
While through the window in sunshine  
The lazy butterfly flits.  
It lights on the well-worn Bible,  
And sways its beautiful wings,  
While the good old grandmother ponders,  
And sweetly, but feebly, sings.  
The hollyhocks, tall and slender,  
Stand close by the open door,  
Like sentinels watchful and tender,  
Their shadows thrown on the floor.  
The blossoms tempt bees by their sweetness,  
And blush in the light of the sun,  
While birds, in their nests 'mid the tree-tops,  
Cease caroling one by one.  
And now she has finished the knitting,  
And thinking of far away lands  
She watches the butterfly flitting,  
And folded are grandmother's hands.

She dreams she hears little feet coming,  
And all her faint pulses are stirred,  
For loud o'er the sound of bees humming,  
The voices of children are heard.  
They troop up the garden-path gayly,  
And rush through the doorway in glee;  
But soon, in demure satisfaction,  
Are seated by grandmother's knee.  
She tells them the old-time stories,  
And presses them each to her breast,  
Calls them "Grandmother's dear morning-glories,"  
And no one knows which she loves best.  
Her dreams change slowly to others  
More sad, and yet they are bright,  
For three little heads are all shining  
Above her, like angels of light;  
And six little fair hands are beckoning  
And a bright golden gate opens wide,  
Where her dear old companion stands waiting;  
And gladly she walks by his side.

And thus, sweetly resting, they found her  
That day at the setting of sun,  
With a halo of glory around her,  
For grandmother's work was done!

### WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

**T**HE red rose says, "Be sweet,"  
And the lily bids, "Be pure,"  
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,  
"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,  
Nor grudge nor count the cost,"  
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming  
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower  
Has each a several word,  
Which, read together, maketh up  
The message of the Lord.  
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

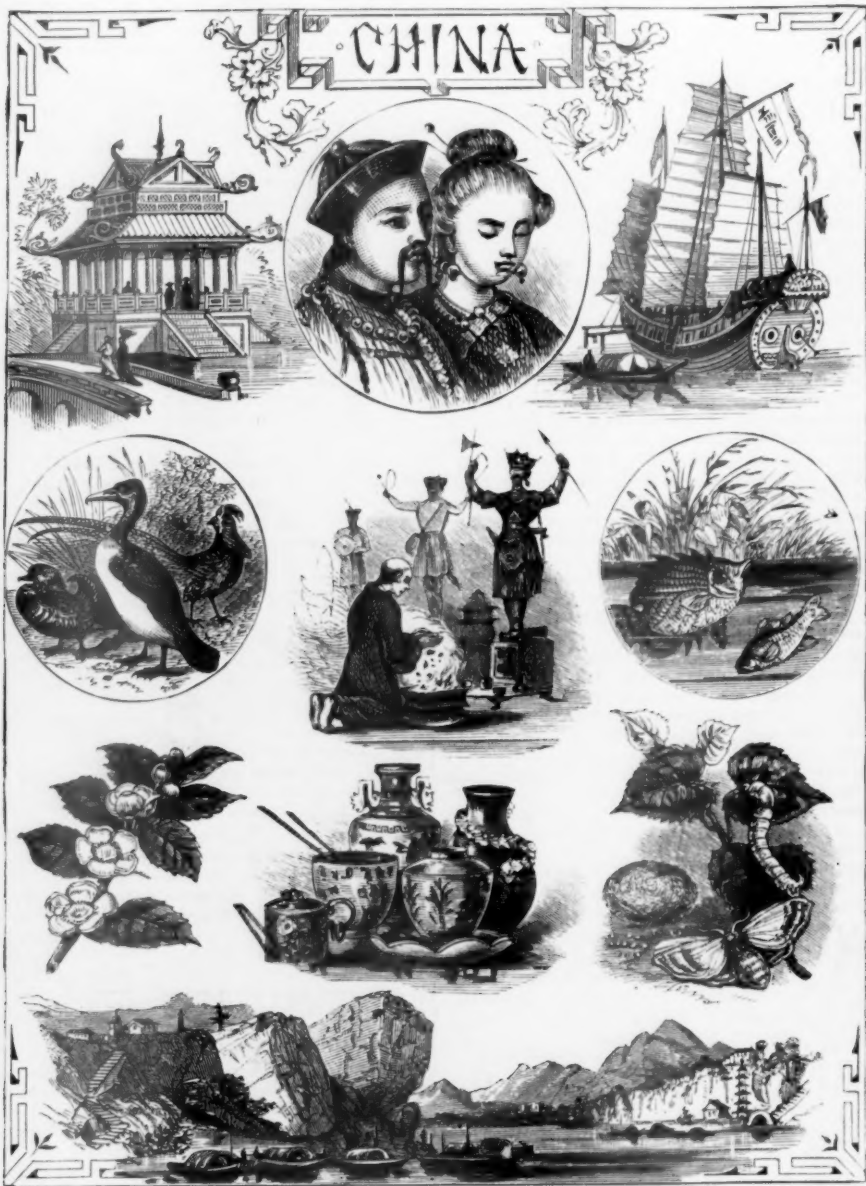
### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

**T**O-DAY is mine, I hold it fast,  
Hold it and use it as I may,  
Unmindful of the shadow cast  
By that dim thing called Yesterday.

To-morrow hovers just before,  
A bright-winged shape, and lures me on,  
Till in my zeal to grasp and know her,  
I drop To-day—and she is gone.

The bright wings captured lose their light:  
To-morrow weeps, and seems to say,  
I am To-day—ah, hold me tight;  
Ere long I shall be Yesterday.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.



## CHINA.

THE Chinese Empire is a beautiful country, situate in the south-eastern part of Asia. In extent, it is more than four millions of square miles, and is, perhaps, the most densely populated

region on the globe, its inhabitants comprising nearly one-third of the whole human race. The Chinese call their territory the "Celestial Empire," and the "Flowery Land," and, considering the delightful climate, and the beauty of its varied scenery, these names seem far from inappropriate.

The principal mountain-ranges are the Pe-ling and Nan-ling. The two great rivers are Yang-tae-kiang and Hoang-Ho. Besides these, numerous small streams flow through the land, making it one of the best-watered countries in the world. Many of our beautiful exotic shrubs are from China; the most noted of these are, probably, the camellia and the tea-plant. Rice, cotton, sugar, hemp, tobacco and camphor are produced in abundance.

China is famous the world over for her tea, silk and porcelain. The various kinds of tea depend upon the time the leaves are picked and the way they are prepared. The Chinese, however, are said to adulterate and color inferior teas to imitate expensive ones; they never drink the kind that they send us, considering anything good enough for "outside barbarians." Silk-worms are raised in great quantities, from whose fine thread elegant crapes and silks are woven. The empress herself, one day in the year, goes through the ceremony of planting a mulberry tree and attending to the silk-worms, to set an example of industry to her subjects. The most beautiful porcelain ware is made in China; it is exquisitely decorated, in designs and colors which can be but imperfectly imitated by other nations. Indeed, it is said that the Chinese invented porcelain—which seems highly probable, as their civilization is very old, and they have been known as manufacturers of the ware from early ages.

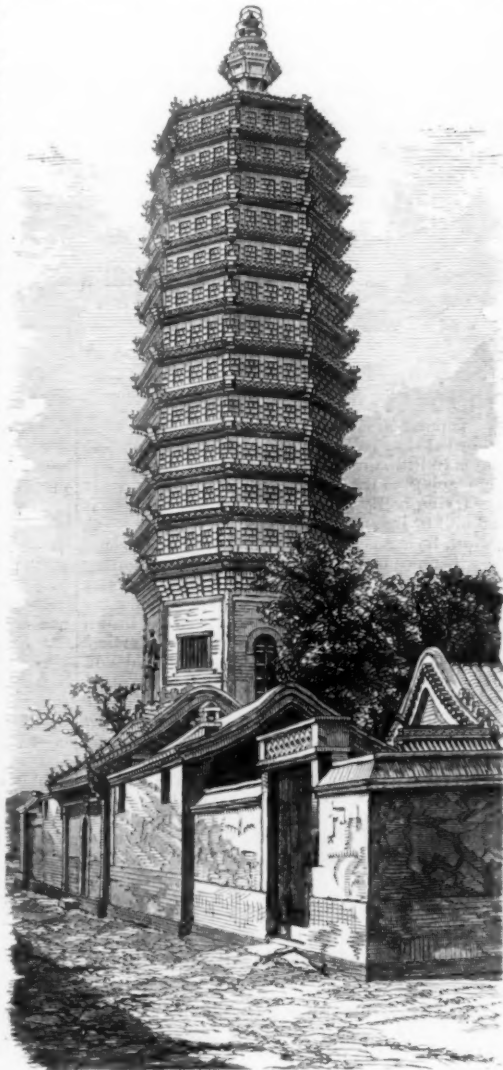
Among the animals peculiar to China are a fine breed of hogs and a variety of monkeys. The mandarin duck and the fishing-cormorant are also natives of China; besides, an odd fish which catches flies by squirting a drop of water. The beautiful gold and silver pheasants and gold and silver fish are found in this interesting country. These last the Chinese keep as pets, in globes and aquariums, much as we do.

The Chinese are quite skillful in building. They make light, wooden houses, very pretty and inexpensive. Their temples and pagodas are barbaric in splendor. Their ships are called junks, and, though appearing awkward and clumsy to Americans, are admirably suited to bays and rivers; they are not, however, adapted to a stormy ocean. The Chinese paint eyes in the ends of their ships, so that they can see the way!

The Great Wall of China has long been considered one of the wonders of the world. It extends along the northern boundary of China, and separates it from Tartary, having been built to repel the incursions of roving, war-like tribes. It is more than fifteen hundred miles long, and crosses mountains five thousand feet high. It is wide enough for several horsemen to ride abreast, and is protected throughout its entire length by towers for archers, two arrow-shots apart. The date of its erection is given as 1500, B. C.

The people are mostly of Mongolian origin, noticeable by their small stature, yellow com-

plexion and almond-shaped eyes. The men wear their long black hair in a pig-tail and shave the front of their heads. The women are chiefly spoken of as distorting their feet. The Chinese have many good qualities; they are industrious, economical, imitative to a remarkable degree, and obedient to law. But they are very untruthful,



A PAGODA AT TUNG CHO, CHINA.

and practice deceptions of every degree. Many of their laws are barbarous, and their punishments extremely cruel. The absolute power of parents over children is something heartrending; a father may have his own son beheaded upon the slightest provocation. Infanticide is very common; a little

girl's life, especially, being of no more value than that of a kitten.

The Chinese are very ignorant and superstitious in their religions. They worship idols and burn incense before them. Their common belief is called Buddhism. They also reverence the memory of Confucius, a wise man who lived about five hundred years before Christ; but, in spite of his superior teaching, they cling to the grosser forms of idolatry. Christian missionaries, however, have made much progress.

In one of their cities, called Tung Cho, twelve miles east of Peking, the American Board of Foreign Missions has had a station since 1867. A great deal of faithful and patient labor has been given by the missionaries to the enlightenment and elevation of the people. This city contains

about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and it is noted for one of its pagodas, or temples, which towers up to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and contains ten stories. It stands near the northern wall of the city, and is the most conspicuous object to be seen for many miles round. We present a view of this pagoda.

Until recently, the people of China were very jealous of foreigners, and would hold no intercourse with other nations. Now they carry on an extensive commerce with all parts of the world, and are adopting many foreign customs. Among the principal cities are Peking, in the same parallel of latitude as Philadelphia; Nankin, famous for porcelain; Canton, Swatow, Foochow and Shanghai. These last are some of the principal ports at which American vessels trade.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### THE FRYING-PAN.

THERE is no method of cookery that is so popular amongst a certain class of cooks as what they call frying, and there is no process that is so little understood by them as real frying. I am going to try to explain very clearly what true frying really is, and the difference between it and half-frying.

Now, frying is boiling in fat, and the cause of the difference between boiling in water and boiling in fat is that fat can be made so very much hotter than water that the work can be done much more quickly, while at the same time a peculiar brown appearance and tasty flavor is given to the article fried. If we had a thermometer we should find that when water is boiling it reaches two hundred and twelve degrees. We might make a fire large enough to roast an ox, but we should never get water hotter than that. Fat, however, can be made more than twice as hot as water, and therefore it conveys heat much more quickly. We have, I dare say, all felt what it is to be scalded with boiling water, and that is bad enough; but the pain is trifling compared to that which we suffer when we are burned with boiling fat. And that is because hot fat is so very, very hot.

If we were going to boil anything in water we should never think of pouring a little drop of water into the bottom of a pan and laying the meat upon it, then leaving it till it was sufficiently cooked. In the same way, when we are going to fry anything, we should not be content to put a little fat in a frying-pan and cook the meat in this. And yet how many people there are who think a spoonful or two of fat is quite sufficient for frying! They would be quite horrified if we said that we must cover the article to be fried with fat before we could fry it perfectly. "Where are we to get such a quantity of fat from?" I can imagine them saying. "It would take a couple of pounds or more of fat to fry in that way. How extravagant to use a couple of pounds of fat to fry one dish!" Ah! I don't feel that the charge of extravagance can be fairly laid against me. Where, I would

ask, is all the fat that these friends of ours have used for frying during the last three or four weeks? Is it not true that most of it was burnt away, and that the remainder was thrown out as soon as it was done with? If it could be collected and brought here there would be quite enough for our purpose.

The fact is, it is not wasteful to use a quantity of fat at a time. Fat lasts heated in quantities, and if properly treated can be used again and again; indeed, I do not hesitate to say that with care it could be used thirty or forty times over.

Before we can fry perfectly, however, there are one or two more points to be considered besides the quantity of fat. One of these is its temperature. Fat used in frying should be *hot*, so hot that it is *still*. This sounds strange, I dare say, but it is quite true. If we put a saucepan half-filled with water on the fire it would at first be still, and as it became hot it would move about, and when it reached the boiling point it would bubble away in the most lively manner. Fat, on the contrary, would very quickly begin bubbling; then, as it grew hot, it would, if properly clarified, become quite still, and a light blue vapor would be seen rising from it. This stillness and the appearance of the vapor is the sign that it is at the proper heat for frying. It would not do to wait until the vapor became smoke, however, for that would mean that the fat was beginning to burn.

Another point that must be looked after, if we would fry successfully, is that the article to be cooked should be *dry*. Unless it is, it will not brown properly. It is a good plan, in order to dry fish perfectly, to let it lie folded in a cloth for two or three hours before attempting to fry it, and it is very usually floured also to secure the same end. Of course the flour should be shaken off before the fish is put in the fat, especially if the fish is to be egged and breaded. Fish is, however, very good dipped in flour alone before being fried, thus saving the egg and bread-crumbs.

It is evident that if we are to take as much fat for frying it is necessary to have a deep pan or frying-kettle.

It is not every one, however, who possesses one of these convenient frying-kettles; and when we have not got a thing we must do as well as we can without it. It is always bad workmen who quarrel with their tools. Fortunately, for small articles, an ordinary iron saucepan will supply all we want, if only it is perfectly clean. If there is anything sticking to the bottom, we must expect that it will burn and spoil our fat. If we can manage to procure a little wire frying-basket upon which our materials can be placed before they are plunged into the fat, we shall be as well off as the fortunate possessor of the finest frying-kettle in the world.

And now I must say one word about the fat that is used for frying. Lard is commonly taken for this purpose, and unfortunately, nothing worse could be chosen, because lard always makes food look greasy; besides which it often has a peculiar taste. Oil is very good, but it is expensive, and it is rather difficult to manage, because it quickly boils over. Butter is also expensive, and it needs to be very gently heated. The very best fat that can be selected is what is called kitchen fat, that is, the skimmings of saucepans and the dripping from joints that in nine kitchens out of every ten is put on one side by the cook and given in exchange for soap.

It is quite a puzzle to me to make out how this most absurd custom arose, and a still greater one that it can be kept up. It is a comfort to think

that when ladies get to understand cookery, it will soon be put a stop to.

If the pieces of fat taken from joints still do not afford as much dripping as we need, the best thing we can do is to buy suet, cut it into pieces and render it down in the same way.

Fat does not need to be clarified each time it is used for frying. It requires only to be strained through a strainer to free it from any little pieces of meat or fish that are in it. Care should be taken, however, to remove it from the fire as soon as it is done with, to prevent its becoming discolored, and also to let it cool a little before pouring it through the strainer, as otherwise it may melt the metal. The impurities will always settle at the bottom of the fat after melting, and they can be easily removed.

Fat that has been once used for fish is likely to have a fishy taste, therefore it should be kept exclusively for that purpose.

Now, perhaps, you will feel inclined to say, Is there nothing we can fry without a large quantity of fat? Certainly there is. We fry pancakes, and omelettes, and slices of bacon with a small quantity of fat. Mutton-chops and beefsteaks are often fried in the same way. Strictly speaking, however, this is not to fry them, but to *sauté* them. Chops and steaks, however, should not be cooked in a frying-pan at all. They are sure to be greasy when thus prepared, and are much better broiled over a clear fire.

## Art at Home.

IN the following paragraphs are described a few simple articles easily made, and most suitable for home decoration:

For concealing flower-pots, pretty covers may be made in the following manner: Take a piece of cardboard as broad as the flower-pot is high, and as long as its circumference, and join it into a circle by pasting a piece of white paper in front and at the back of the join. Cover it with colored pictures, dried autumn leaves or spatter work. Another shape is made by cutting four pieces of cardboard of such a size that they will entirely cover the flower-pot, join the pieces loosely by means of colored paper or ribbon, so that the ribbon or paper in the joins serves as a hinge. Ornament according to fancy at the sides, and cut the upper edge into large points. These covers will be found very convenient if properly made, as, during the winter, when flowers are scarce, they will fold up quite flat. Lamp-shades may be made in the same way; but these look well with a silk fringe, three or four inches deep, placed round the lower edge.

Many people have in their possession handsome boxes that they are afraid to use, because they would be apt to become very much scratched if stood about on tables, brackets, etc., without the protection of a cover. In order to make a cover to prevent this, cut a piece of material the same shape as the top of the box. Cut two pieces for the sides, and two pieces of the same shape as the back and front of the box. You will then have five pieces; bind each piece all round with narrow ribbon, and sew them together at the sides, so as to make a

cover exactly the size and shape of your box. If it fits exactly, it will need neither strings nor buttons to keep it on. For use, these covers are best made of cloth; but if designed more for ornament, they look very pretty made of patchwork, or of embroidered cloth or silk.

Covers for books may be made in very much the same way. Cut a piece of cloth of exactly the size of the book when open; bind it all around with ribbon, and cut two small pieces of cloth the length of the covers of the book, and about an inch and a half in width, according to the size of the book. Bind these pieces of cloth, and sew them at the ends of the larger piece of cloth, so as to make a sort of flat pocket. One of these small pieces must be sewn on *after* the book is in the cover, or it will not go in at all. Slip the cover of the book into the shallow pocket on one side, and add the second pocket after the other side of the book is in position.

These covers may also be made by turning up an inch or two at either end of the large piece of cloth, and sewing them up. But if this plan is pursued, the same care must still be taken as to putting one cover of the book in before sewing up the other end. The piece of cloth must also be cut a few inches longer than the open book, to allow for the piece turned up. Covers like these will be found very useful to preserve children's books; as, when once the books are in, they cannot be taken out without undoing the sewing at the sides. I should recommend them to be made of cloth or of black linen for school books, and of something more ornamental for other volumes. These covers are always useful for hiding the usually

untidy bindings of books from circulating libraries and the like.

Hair-pin cases, to hang on the handle of the looking-glass, are useful, and should be made in the following manner: Cut a circle of cardboard about the size of a silver half-dollar, and cover it with silk; cut a piece of the same silk rather longer than the hair-pins the case is to contain, and sew it round the circle of cardboard in the same way as in the little work-bags before described. Run a ribbon into a hem at the top, so that it can be drawn up, and you will then have a long, narrow bag, which will be found very convenient for holding hair-pins if they are put in with the points downwards. These little cases should, as far as possible, be made to match the comb and night-dress bags in color.

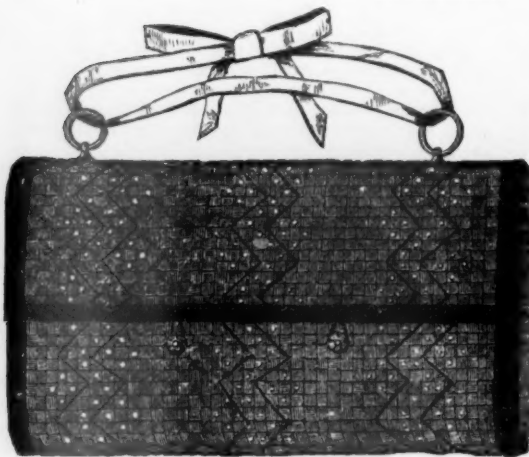
For comb-bags, few materials wear better than braided piqué, but very pretty ones are sometimes made of fine crochet, or muslin over a colored lining, with ribbon bows and strings of the same color; but the disadvantage of these is that they must be entirely unpicked before they can be washed. Sometimes they are made of crash, embroidered with crewels, but this style of work seems hardly suitable for this purpose. Whatever material is used, it should be remembered that to look well both night-dress and comb-bag

should correspond exactly both in color and style.

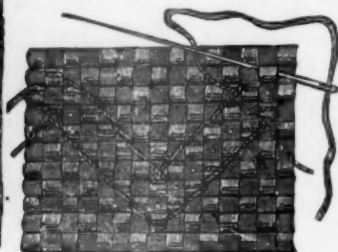
Very useful on a dressing-table are the little baskets of three or four inches in diameter, just large enough to hold a reel of black cotton, one of white, a thimble, needle-book and a tiny pair of scissors. Sometimes baskets of this kind are to be had resting on three legs, and may, with a little patience and ingenuity, be made exceedingly pretty as well as useful. They should be carefully lined with a little gay colored silk or satin, and should have a small pocket, just large enough for a thimble, tacked inside, and opposite this should be fastened a tiny stuffed pincushion. The scissors should have a sheath of the same color as the lining, if possible, and the needle-book should be small but convenient for holding two flat papers of needles, and a leaf or two of fine flannel. A little cord round the edge of the basket is a great improvement and finish.

A charming manner of decorating a panel on a wall or the pier between two windows is to cover the space to be ornamented with tulle, the meshes of which are as large as possible. This at a short distance does not hide the painting or the paper on the wall, and it makes an excellent groundwork on which autumn leaves and ferns can be pinned to form very ornamental designs.

## Fancy Needlework.



PORTABLE WORK-POCKET.—Fig. 1.



PORTABLE WORK-POCKET.—Fig. 2.

**A PORTABLE WORK-POCKET.**—The outside covering of the pocket is made of coarse checked *éru* canvas, worked with a fine blue silk cord and steel beads. A couple of steel rings are fastened to the upper edge of the turned-over fold at the top, through which a blue ribbon is passed to form the handle. The pocket is kept closed by two large steel buttons and elastic loops.

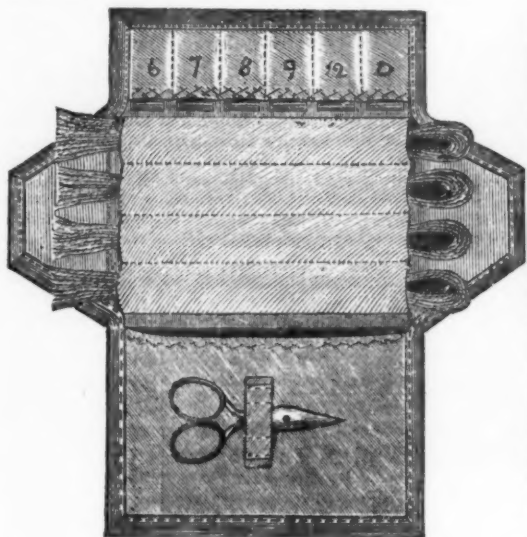
Fig. 1 shows the appearance of the pocket when closed.

beads are sewn on with silk the same color as the canvas. Begin by working the middle row of vandykes; then the outer ones, leaving sufficient margin for the edges at the sides.

Fig. 3 shows the pocket when open. The length of the pocket is about eleven inches, the length from the edge of one flap across to the other is also eleven inches. The pockets for the needles are two inches, the lower pocket and runnings for the skeins of silk and thread are each four and a

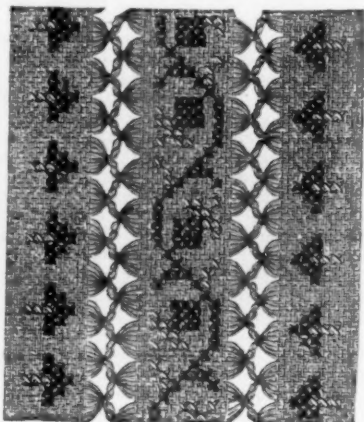
half inches deep; the width of the pocket when closed is six and a half inches. The lining is of blue flannel cut to fit the canvas. A second piece of flannel is divided into three parts. The strip

then bound with a strong blue ribbon, stitched with white silk on the canvas, and neatly felled on the inside with blue silk to match the color of the flannel.



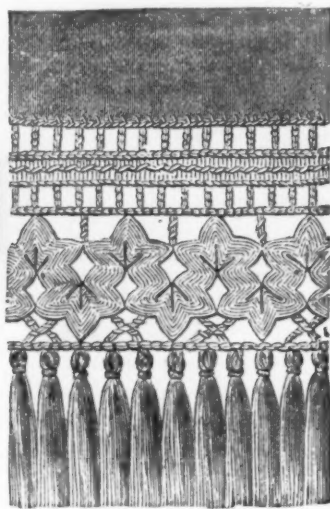
PORTABLE WORK-POCKET.—Fig. 3.

for the needles is separated into six compartments. The open edge hemmed with a row of coral stitch in coarse white silk, and the divisions stitched and marked with the sizes of the needles; the letter D for darners. The four runners for the silks and threads are also stitched, and worked with coral stitch. The pocket has a firm piece of



BORDER FOR BASKETS, TIDES, ETC.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY AND DRAWN-WORK.

cardboard between two pieces of flannel, so as to keep it flat when closed; this is also worked to match, and a strap stitched on for the small pair of scissors. When the lining is made it should be firmly sewn round the edges of the canvas, and



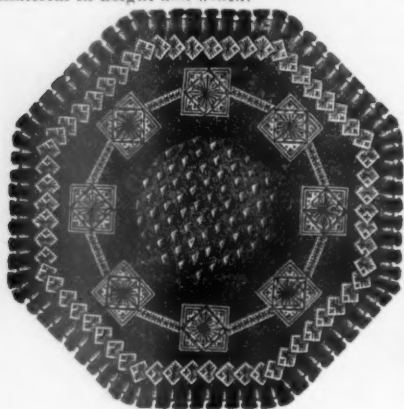
TOWEL WITH CROCHET AND WAVED BRAID BORDER.

**TOWEL WITH CROCHET AND WAVED BRAID BORDER.**—Any fancy damask towel may be trimmed at each end with this quickly-made bordering. The vandykes of broad braids are joined in shape, and made in separate lengths for the two ends of the towel. For the crochet work, work a loose chain rather longer than required for the end of the towel. 1st row: 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2; repeat. 2d row: Treble stitches into every stitch in last row. 3d row: 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, and repeat. 4th row: To join in the vandyke braid—1 double crochet into middle point of vandyke, 3 chain, 1 double between the next 2 vandykes, 3 chain, and repeat. 5th row: On the opposite edge of vandykes. 6th row: 1 double into first highest point, 3 chain, turn the cotton three times over the hook, insert it into next leaf of the braid, draw the cotton through two of the loops until only one is left on the hook, then 3 chain; pass the cotton twice over the needle, insert it into centre stitch of the long stitch, pass the cotton again twice over the hook, insert it into next leaf, take off 2 loops, then 3, which brings you into the middle of the cross; take off 2 loops, then the remaining loops on the hook; make 3 chain, and repeat.

Make the fringe of drawn threads from the toweling; draw several lengths through each chain-stitch and knot them together. This fringe will take more time and be more expensive than if made with crochet cotton, which will answer the same purpose, although, of course, not so novel and soft. The towel should have a very narrow hem, and the bordering sewn on with fine cotton.

**BORDER FOR TOWELS, ETC.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.**—This border is suitable for trimming towels of coarse white linen. It is worked with

red cotton in cross stitch over three threads of the material in height and width.



LAMP MAT.

**LAMP MAT.**—This mat is made out of brown velvet and cloth, two octagonal pieces, each measuring ten inches across. Then cut out two pieces of cardboard the same size. In the centre of the upper piece of card cut out a circle four inches wide, and cover the remaining part with brown velvet, over which is an appliqué of brown perforated cardboard. Then cut out a square of white, and a diamond of brown perforated cardboard; the brown is sewn on to the white with point russe, and plain stitches of brown and white silks. The white cardboard is worked in plain and Smyrna stitch with brown silk. In the centre of the lower piece of card, which is lined with cloth, is a circular piece of brown stamped velvet sewn over wadding. Round the outer edge of the mat is a narrow box-pleated ruching of brown satin ribbon, and a border of the separate squares of white perforated cardboard, worked with bronze silk in point russe. Between the larger squares are narrow bands of perforated cardboard worked in Smyrna stitch with bronze silk.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

**F**ASHION, that fickle goddess, decrees for the autumn small bonnets and large, round hats.

The bonnets are small capote shapes, with the front slightly rolled backward or projecting on top, yet very close on the sides. The crowns are stiff, and of medium size, with or without a curtain band. These, as well as most round hats, will be worn quite far back on the head, and are furnished with strings. The round hats are large English turbans, with the brim rolled up all around, but not close to the crown; or else they are in Rubens and Gainsborough shapes, with one side—the left—turned up higher than the other. For smaller hats is a close turban, and also a medium size in the shape of the English walking-hat; the latter has a low broad crown, and a broad brim turned up on each side, but not close against the crown; this gives a broader appearance than has been used in this shape, and leaves a space that is to be filled in by long and very thick ostrich plumes.

Red is the color that will be most used in fall millinery; it is used for the entire bonnet, or else in combination with other colors. The fur beaver bonnets and hats are imported in dull red, myrtle green, bronze, coachmen's drab, Capucine brown, peacock blue, and the various shades of purple, also in white and black; the latter are especially lustrous, and are very handsome when trimmed with many plumes of the same color, and long ornaments of gold or of jet.

Plaids, stripes and plain red stuffs of either bright or dark shades are used for combining with plain goods, and to serve for trimmings, as the foundation of the suit is usually plain. Thus a dress of brown wool has the single-breasted cut-away basque, and the double kilt skirt of plain wool, with a Byron collar and cuffs of velvet of the same shade. To brighten this sombre dress, Madras plaid wool is used, with brown for the

foundation, barred and striped with old gold, dull red and dark green. This plaid is used in a wide, straight scarf, somewhat in fichu shape, yet placed much lower on the shoulders than fichus are, and fastened low on the bust, where it terminates in a broad loop and two square ends. A wider plaid scarf then forms a short and much-wrinkled apron with ends hanging behind. A Madras kerchief of velvet of the same colors of the plaid trims the round hat of plush, and a breast and aigrette are stuck in the left side quite far forward. A coachmen's drab cloth costume of dark shade has purple-striped wool for bordering the overskirt, and two kilt flounces, and for the collar and folded cravat on the double-breasted cut-away basque. Black dresses illuminated with red are in especial favor in Paris. One of these is black cashmere made in Jersey fashion, with the plain corsage laced behind with a red silk lacing-string; the sleeves are flowing, and are turned back from the wrist half way up the arm to show a red Surah facing. The skirt is kilted, and the overskirt has a deep apron-front much wrinkled near the top, while the back has scarfs that form long loops showing a red Surah lining. To border the apron are two rows of red wool balls, like those formerly used in fringe; these balls are strung, and hang in loops that give a very pretty finish. Other black wool costumes with cut-away basque and single skirt ruffled up the front have a red Surah Directoire collar, which is smooth and stiff in the back, but is gathered on the front revers. The red also appears on the cuffs, which are slit open on the upper seam, and instead of clinging to the sleeves, fall open and backward, as if made of the sleeve lining carelessly turned up on the outside. The basque is faced with red, the ruffles on the front are lined with it, and there is a narrow red frill like a balayouse around the skirt. Long red ostrich plumes are then worn on the bonnet.

It will be observed that very deep collars are

becoming general, and to persons of fair complexion they are very becoming. There is a great deal of caprice shown in the composition of these collars, which are made of batiste, mousseline, lace or embroidered tulle, and combined with plain or brocaded Surah, which is embroidered with silk of various colors. These deep collars frequently have a broad binding, or rather a sort of revers, of plain or brocaded Surah, which is cut bias. With such collars are worn cuffs to match, and turned down on the outside of the sleeves, which are growing more and more plain and tight. For those who are very anxious to follow the fashion closely, there are at present but two kinds of sleeves, either the half-long sleeve, which leaves the arm exposed, or the plain sleeve, which her-

metically incloses the arm, and even the wrist. The cuffs are frequently made very deep for such plain and tight sleeves. It is well to become familiar with this form of sleeve (which is not becoming to all ladies), as it is very certain that next winter no other kind will be worn for morning toilettes. Moreover, everything returns to excessive flatness. High-necked corsages will be made very long, and entirely clinging. Skirts also are again made clinging, but are trimmed with puffs in the back. In a word, the problem which the dressmakers seem to be trying to solve is this: to obtain the appearance of fullness, with flatness in reality; to make clinging garments, moulded on the figure, and trim them with a host of draperies, garnitures, ruches, laces, etc.

## Notes and Comments.

TWO numbers more, and we close the volume for 1880. No previous volume, if we may judge from the large number of approving letters received from subscribers this year, has met with so favorable a reception. That it meets a household want which no other magazine supplies, is fairly admitted; and as to do this has been our constant aim and effort, it is no small source of gratification to know that we have met so wide an approval and so cordial a welcome.

For our next volume, we are already arranging new attractions and perfecting our plans for making the magazine still more acceptable, and for giving it a still higher interest and value. In excellence and beauty, and in all that goes to make up a periodical especially adapted to American households, the HOME shall continue to be the leading magazine of its class.

Our Prospectus for 1881, which will be ready for club-getters by October 1st, will appear in the next number of our magazine.

### The Children's Country Week.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, have heard something of the Country Week, inaugurated in this city by Mrs. Eliza Sproat Turner. Perhaps they will be glad to learn that this season, the society has greatly enlarged its sphere of usefulness. Last year, it provided for six hundred and seventy-eight poor children; this year, so far, for more than one thousand.

The object of the association is to procure invitations for little ones who most need them, at farm-houses and in country towns. Those who cannot be provided for in this way, are put to board, in quiet places, for about the same time. Any incidental needs are also supplied.

Unlike most charities, for this no begging has been done. Money comes freely, and without

personal solicitation. The railroads offer free transportation, and country residents, for miles around, have opened their doors. Those who have pleasant, country homes—those who are going away to escape the city's heat—all seem glad to share their privileges with those less favored.

The children benefited are picked out, as a general thing, from the poorest, on condition that they have no contagious disease, and that they behave well while away. It often happens that an invitation is extended, or that a little one finds a way to a permanent home. The managers recommend that a child proving naughty or unsatisfactory for any reason, be returned at once—but such a thing occurs very seldom. Some of the friends of the association, however, have felt their hearts warm over those who had to be left out—so, this year, a new experiment has been tried, that of providing for "baddish" boys who could not safely be trusted in families. Mrs. Holston, of Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, wrote: "Send them to me without hats, shoes or characters." This lady entertained nineteen, for a week, and she has given a most encouraging account of the behavior of all—so that the experiment may be considered a success. Hence, the ladies hope to be able in future to provide for all, good and bad alike.

The question has been raised as to whether a week in the country, among beautiful sights and sounds, would not make the children discontented and unhappy afterward. This has not proved to be the case. To many, the visit has been a turning-point in their lives. The pleasant memory is always with them, and they study and work all the harder in consequence, in the hope of having the same privilege next year. It has given to many high ideals, and the hope some day of being able to leave the crowded city altogether, and really have a country home. Furthermore, as we have said, some have, in consequence, found permanent places. The Country Week, indeed, has attracted much attention among legislators, physicians, clergymen and journalists, and the conclusion universally reached, is, that it is among the most efficient of the moral and sanitary institutions of a great city.

We would add that children are not the only

ones benefited by the Country Week. Young working-women and sick mothers, with their babies, are also given the advantages of rest and fresh air.

President, Mrs. Hannah P. Baker; Secretary, Mrs. Eliza S. Turner. Office of the society, 1429 Market Street, Philadelphia.

### "The Annals of a Baby."

**B**Y special arrangement with the author of "The Annals of a Baby," that most charming of all the series of books of which "Helen's Babies" was the initial volume, we commence its publication in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, and will complete the entire story in three numbers. If any of our readers have had the pleasure of meeting with these "Annals" before, we know that they will thank us for giving them the opportunity to renew that pleasure. From those who meet it here for the first time, it cannot fail to receive a cordial and delighted welcome.

### The New Century Cooking-School.

**T**HIS experiment, in which the housekeepers of Philadelphia are much interested, will probably be of interest also to housekeepers in the country at large. The ladies chiefly concerned in the enterprise, state that their object is two-fold. First, to elevate cooking in the eyes of cultivated women by making it a fine art. Second, to increase its value as a business, by issuing graded certificates to those who learn, with a view of earning a living by it. Among the advantages resulting, they believe that, in the first place, a lady may conduct a household more economically, and not be at the mercy of an ignorant servant; second, it will assure a servant of easily finding a good place, and enable her to protect herself against an unscrupulous employer.

The school is held at No. 1112 Girard Street. (Those unacquainted with Philadelphia are cautioned not to confound this with Girard Avenue). Among the latest items of interest, is the proposal to establish a normal class, so that the managers will be able to send teachers out to the smaller towns and villages. This fall, it is intended to place the association upon a regular business footing, as a limited stock company, issuing certificates of stock.

The terms for instruction are quite low, but deductions are made in special cases, those who cannot afford to pay being instructed gratuitously. Classes from ward organizations and other benevolent associations are received at low rates, as one of the chief objects of the association is to put domestic instruction within the reach of the poor. It is obvious that the teaching of those whose improvement the ladies hold most at heart, will not make the school self-supporting; so, it is a worthy object for occasional assistance.

The terms are as follows:

Plain cooking, course of twelve lessons, . . .	\$5.00
Single lesson, in class, . . . . .	.50
Ladies' classes, twelve lessons, . . . . .	10.00
Special dishes, . . . . .	1.00

Yearly subscription, entitling subscriber to send three pupils, . . . . . \$25.00  
Life membership, entitling subscriber to send one pupil each year, . . . . . 100.00

A subscription of \$10.00 constitutes membership in the association.

Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Charlotte Peirce, Treasurer of the Cooking-school Association; questions or communications to Mrs. E. S. Turner, President of the Cooking-school, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

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